

T H E
MONTHLY MISCELLANY,
F O R
D E C E M B E R, 1775.

MEMOIRS of the LIFE and FAMILY of Mr. STERNE;

Written by HIMSELF.

(With a fine Portrait of that much-admired Gentleman.)

ROGER Sterne, (grandson to Archbishop Sterne) Lieutenant in Handaside's regiment, was married to Agnes Hebert, widow of a Captain of a good family: Her family name was (I believe) Nuttle—though upon recollection, that was the name of her father-in-law, who was a noted Sutler in Flanders, in Queen Anne's wars, where my father married his wife's daughter (N. B. he was in debt to him) which was in September 25, 1711, Old Style.—This Nuttle had a son by my grandmother—a fine person of a man, but a graceless whelp; what became of him I know not.—The family (if any left) live now at Clonmel in the south of Ireland, at which town I was born November 24th, 1713, a few days after my mother arrived from Dunkirk.

My birth-day was ominous to my poor father, who was, the day after our arrival, with many other brave officers, broke, and sent adrift into the wide world with a wife and two children—the elder of which was Mary: She was born in Lisle, in French Flanders, July the tenth,

one thousand seven hundred and twelve, New Style.—This child was most unfortunate—she married one Weemans in Dublin—who used her most unmercifully—spent his substance, became a bankrupt, and left my poor sister to shift for herself,—which she was able to do but for a few months, for she went to a friend's house in the country, and died of a broken heart. She was a most beautiful woman—of a fine figure, and deserved a better fate.

The regiment, in which my father served, being broke, he left Ireland as soon as I was able to be carried, with the rest of his family, and came to the family seat at Elvington, near York, where his mother lived. She was daughter to Sir Roger Jaques, and an heiress. There we sojourned for about ten months, when the regiment was established, and our household decamped with bag and baggage for Dublin—within a month of our arrival, my father left us, being ordered to Exeter, where, in a sad winter, my mother and her two children followed him, travelling from Liverpool by land to Plymouth. Melancholy description

of this journey not necessary to be transmitted here.) In twelve months we were all sent back to Dublin.—My mother, with three of us, (for she laid in at Plymouth of a boy, Joram) took ship at Bristol, for Ireland, and had a narrow escape from being cast away by a leak springing up in the vessel.—At length, after many perils, and struggles, we got to Dublin.—There my father took a large house, furnished it, and in a year and half's time spent a great deal of money.

In the year one thousand seven hundred and nineteen, all unhinged again; the regiment was ordered, with many others, to the Isle of Wight, in order to embark for Spain in the Vigo expedition. We accompanied the regiment, and were driven into Milford Haven, but landed at Bristol, from thence by land to Plymouth again, and to the Isle of Wight—where I remember we staid encamped some time before the embarkation of the troops—(in this expedition from Bristol to Hampshire we lost poor Joram—a pretty boy, four years old, of the small pox). My mother, sister, and myself, remained at the Isle of Wight during the Vigo expedition, and until the regiment had got back to Wicklow, in Ireland, from whence my father sent for us.—We had poor Joram's loss supplied during our stay in the Isle of Wight, by the birth of a girl, Anne, born September the twenty-third, one thousand seven hundred and nineteen.—This pretty blossom fell at the age of three years, in the barracks of Dublin—she was, as I well remember, of a fine delicate frame, not made to last long, as were most of my father's babes.—We embarked for Dublin, and had all been cast away by a most violent storm; but through the intercessions of my mother, the captain was prevailed upon to turn back into Wales, where we stayed a month, and at length got into Dublin, and travelled by land to Wicklow, where my father had for some weeks given us over for lost.—We lived in the barracks at Wicklow, one year, (one thousand seven hundred and twenty) when Devijcher (so called after Colonel Devijcher) was born; from thence we decamped to stay half a year with Mr. Fetherston, a clergyman, about seven miles from Wicklow, who being a relation of my mother's, invited us to his parsonage at Animo.

It was in this parish, during our stay, that I had that wonderful escape in sailing through a mill race whilst the mill was going, and of being taken up

unhurt—the story is incredible, but known for truth in all that part of Ireland—where hundreds of the common people flocked to see me.—From hence we followed the regiment to Dublin, where we lay in the barracks a year.—In this year, one thousand seven hundred and twenty-one, I learned to write, &c.—The regiment, ordered in twenty-two, to Carrickfergus in the north of Ireland; we all decamped, but got no further than Drogheda, thence ordered to Mullenger, forty miles west, where by providence we stumbled upon a kind relation, a collateral descendant from Archbishop Sterne, who took us all to his Castle, and kindly entreated us for a year—and sent us to the regiment at Carrickfergus, loaded with kindnesses, &c.—a most rueful and tedious journey had we all, in March, to Carrickfergus, where we arrived in six or seven days—little Devijcher here died, he was three years old.—He had been left behind at nurse at a farm-house near Wicklow, but was fetch'd to us by my father the summer after—another child sent to fill his place, Susan; this babe too left us behind in this weary journey.—The autumn of that year, or the spring afterwards, (I forgot which) my father got leave of his Colonel to fix me at school—which he did near Halifax, with an able master; with whom I staid some time, 'till by God's care of me my cousin Sterne, of Elvington, became a father to me, and sent me to the University, &c. &c.

To pursue the thread of our story, my father's regiment was the year after ordered to Londonderry, where another sister was brought forth, Catherine, still living, but most unhappily estranged from me by my uncle's wickedness, and her own folly—from this station the regiment was sent to defend Gibraltar, at the siege, where my father was run through the body by Captain Phillips, in a duel, (the quarrel begun about a goose) with much difficulty he survived—tho' with an impaired constitution, which was not able to withstand the hardships it was put to—for he was sent to Jamaica, where he soon fell by the country fever, which took away his senses first, and made a child of him, and then, in a month or two, walking about continually without complaining, till the moment he sat down in an arm chair, and breathed his last—which was at Port Antonio, on the north of the Island.—My father was a little smart man—active to the last degree, in all exercises—most patient of

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fatigue and disappointments, of which it pleased God to give him full measure—he was in his temper somewhat rapid, and hasty—but of a kindly, sweet disposition, void of all design; and to innocent in his own intentions, that he suspected no one, so that you might have cheated him ten times in a day, if nine had not been sufficient for your purpose—my poor father died in March 1733—I remained at Halifax 'till about the latter end of that year, and cannot omit mentioning this Anecdote of myself, and School-master.—He had had the cieling of the school-room new white-washed—the ladder remained there—I one unlucky day mounted it, and wrote with a brush in large capital letters *Lau. Sterne*, for which the Usher severely whipped me. My Master was very much hurt at this, and said, before me, that never should that name be effaced, for I was a boy of genius, and he was sure I should come to perfection—this expression made me forget the stripes I had received.

In the year thirty-two my cousin sent me to the University, where I staid some time. 'Twas there that I commenced a friendship with Mr. H. . . which has been most lasting on both sides—I then came to York, and my uncle got me the living of Sutton—and at York I became acquainted with your mother, and courted her for two years—she owned she liked me, but thought herself not rich enough, or me too poor, to be joined together—the went to her sister's in S—, and I wrote to her often—I believe then she was partly determined to have me, but would not say so—at her return she fell into a consumption—and one evening that I was sitting by her with an almost broken heart to see her so ill, she said, “ my dear Lawrey, I can never be yours, for I verily believe I have not long to live—but I have left you every shilling of my

fortune;"—upon that she shewed me her Will—this generosity overpowered me.—It pleased God that she recovered, and I married her in the year 1741. My uncle and myself were then upon very good terms, for he soon got me the Prebendary of York,—but he quarrelled with me afterwards, because I would not write paragraphs in the news-papers—though he was a party man, I was not, and detested such dirty work: Thinking it beneath me—from that period, he became my bitterest enemy.—By my wife's means I got the living of Stillington—a friend of her's in the south had promised her, that if she married a clergyman in Yorkshire, when the living became vacant, he would make her a compliment of it. I remained near twenty years at Sutton, doing duty at both places—I had then very good health.—Books, painting, fiddling, and shooting were my amusements; as to the 'Squire of the parish, I cannot say we were upon a very friendly footing—but at Stillington, the family of the C——s shewed us every kindness—'twas most truly agreeable to be within a mile and a half of an amiable family, who were ever cordial friends.—In the year 1760, I took a house at York for your mother and yourself, and went up to London to publish my two first volumes of Shandy. In that year Lord F—— presented me with the curacy of Coxwold—a sweet retirement in comparison of Sutton. In sixty-two I went to France before the peace was concluded, and you both followed me.—I left you both in France, and in two years after I went to Italy for the recovery of my health—and when I called upon you, I tried to engage your mother to return to England, with me—she and yourself are at length come—and I have had the inexpressible joy of seeing my girl every thing I wished her.

The Present Rage for LOTTERIES considered.

I AM a Country Gentleman, and believe that I have as unencumbered an estate as most of my neighbours, on which I intended to have lived peaceably to the last moment of my life, without seeing *London* again: but this confounded quarrel with our Colonies, which would have made a Politician of me if I had not married into the family of Sir *Gregory Gazette*, brought me to town, that I might see with my own eyes, and hear

with my own ears, what we are really about, as there is no dependence on our cursed News-writers: they are always unfaying to-day what they had said yesterday, though asserted in the most positive manner: their *intelligence extraordinary*, in particular, is generally of the most trifling kind; and their *true intelligence* is generally false.—And so, Sir, in consequence of frequent disappointments of this kind, I was determined to come

up to the Metropolis; and accordingly wrote to a friend to hire me a ready furnished house for the season, in *Parliament-street*, in order to be at the fountain-head, and to be sure of hearing every thing going forward; to hear how the d—d additional shillings to be raised by the land-tax, are to be laid out.—I have been in town only a few days; but I have met with occurrences enough already to make me think half the inhabitants are out of their senses, especially those who are seized with the Lottery-Madness.—On my taking a walk into the city, this morning, to see what alteration had been made during my state of Rustication, the day being tolerably dry, I could not help looking with no small displeasure at the number of *Paper-Lanterns* dangling before the doors of Lottery-Offices, considering them as so many false lights hung out to draw fools to their destruction.—I do not think these expressions are too strong, as many thoughtless persons of both sexes, in the lower spheres of life, are certainly deluded by these traps, laid for their money, to such a degree, as to prove themselves the most egregious dupes imaginable.—How many individuals have been reduced to beggary; how many families have been totally ruined by staking their All upon the turn of Fortune's Wheel; by the restless desire of becoming rich suddenly, to gain that wealth to which they might have more rationally aspired by a course of honest and industrious proceedings;—and the experience of every day is sufficient to convince us, that riches so gained are more serviceable to, and enjoyed with a higher relish by the possessors of them, than those which come to them by surprise; especially those which they obtain by a successful Ticket.—By numberless persons suddenly enriched in this way, their wealth has been very foolishly spent; and to some it has proved very fatal, by oversetting their understandings.—The first Prizes in every Lottery are the grand baits which tempt adventurers of all kinds, from the Miser to the Spendthrift: but there are, no doubt, hundreds in the world, to whom the unexpected acquisition of Twenty Thousand Pounds would prove rather a curse than a blessing.

While I was giving way to a train of similar reflections, I received at the same time not a little consolation in the midst of my concern for the wrongheadedness of my fellow-creatures, from the exemption of myself and family from the ge-

neral contagion:—With this consolation I returned home; but it was not of a long continuance.

As soon as I entered the parlour, my Wife accosted me with, "Oh, my dear! since you have been out, my cousin Moleworth has been here, and talked so much to me of the Lottery, that I have purchased five Tickets, and intend to have shares in five more."

Before I had time to express my approbation of Mrs. Quidnunc's conduct, my two Daughters came jumping down with, "Dear Papa, we have each got a Ticket, and will spend all the money we have in *Eighths* and *Sixteenths*; so that we must certainly have luck somewhere."

"You are certainly a couple of fools," replied I.

"La, Papa!" said my youngest girl, "who knows but I may get one of the Ten Thousands; and that you know will save your giving me a fortune—as I shall have enough of my own, and be my own mistress into the bargain."

"That you will not, my pert Madam," replied I.—"In the first place, you have a very poor chance for the sums you mention; and in the second, if you had it, you would be ten times more unfit to be your own mistress than you are at present."

My Son now came in, and told us, in the way of conversation, that finding London rather an expensive place, as there were so many things to be seen; he had taken care to lay a foundation for the increase of his pocket-money, by purchasing a considerable number of Tickets and Shares; adding, that when they came up Prizes, they would more than supply his necessary demands.

"And what are you to do if they are all Blanks?" replied I.

"O, that's impossible," said he; "I have insured most of them."

"And pray, where did you get the money to do all this?" said I.

"O, I borrowed it of my cousin: I know you will pay him for me."

"No, indeed," answered I.—"He may wait till they are drawn Prizes; that is, till Doom's-day; or put you into the King's-Bench to teach you more wit; to punish your foolish readiness to answer for other people."

To make short of my story, Sir, I found that my whole house had, during my walk into the city, been infected with the *Lotterymania*,—(if I may be allowed the expression)—from the head of it—(as I allow my Wife to be during my absence)

absence) down to my Kitchen-maid and Post-boy, who have both pawned some of their rags; the former to buy a *thirty-second*, and the latter a *sixty-fourth* share, that they might put themselves—according to their language—in Fortune's way.

On taking notice of these scandalous enormities in a nation, to an old friend of mine who dined with me, and testifying my surprize at the infatuation of those who, with very little cash in their power, should venture their All—nay, more than their own—in spite of the *chances* against them;—he informed me, that the infatuation I wondered at, originated, in a great measure, from the lures thrown out by the Keepers of Lottery Offices to draw in the ignorant and unwary.—“I know a poor hard-working man,” continued he, “who borrowed money to buy a Lottery Ticket, and it came up a Prize of £. 500.—The happy owner, almost mad with joy, hurried to the Office for the money, of which immediate payment had been promised.—To his extreme mortification, he not only found that the fellow who sold him his

Ticket was gone off, but that it was the property of another person, who had purchased it before. This piece of *VERY TRUE intelligence* deprived him of the little reason he had left, he died raving, and his wife and children were sent to the work-house.

Pretty doings these, Mr. Editor!—However, such doings operate upon me in such a manner, that I shall trundle my whole family down into *Cheshire* before the week is out: they will, there, have time to *calculate Chances*, and may build their *Castles in the Air*, without cracking their brains and injuring their pockets.—I shall only regret my departure from London on my *Country's* account: I shall be sorry to remove, when there is so much business of the greatest consequence going forward; but if I ever bring my household to town again during the drawing of a Lottery, I will give you leave to say there is not a more egregious ass in England than

Your humble servant,

CHRIST. QUIDNUNC.

[*West. Mag.*]

The PAINS and PLEASURES of RESIDENCE in the COUNTRY.

THE language of Poets has always been warm and glowing in the representation of rural life: Horace, and Cowley, and Virgil, and Pope, and Dryden, and all the Dramatists at his back, with the writers of Pastoral, and manufacturers of Morality, are all animated by the description, and kindle as they go, whenever scenes of shade, and sun, and solitude, are the subject. Lowliness of degree, and happy humility of station (they argue) is a *richness* that Poverty enjoys, to the despair of Wealth. The Man who passes his life in the Country (they teach us to believe) indulges in the highest relishes of human felicity: the din of business and the distraction of debate, the jargon of Coffee-houses and the clatter of Courts, never interrupt him: he cultivates his land and improves Nature, by which her bounties are not only dearer, but doubled. He congratulates himself that no foreign robes are necessary, nor foreign meats; and that he is not obliged to comply with every absurd prescription of the evershifting modes of the moment. He hugs himself in his home bred plenty, and pleases himself with the quiet of his character, and laughs at the “*laborious idleness*” (as

Kenrick calls it) of the rich and fashionable. It were, in a critical view, worth while to see how Poets have sung and said alike, on this very florid subject.—Listen to the similarity of the strains.

O fountains, when in you shall I,
O fields, O woods, when, when shall I be
made

The happy tenant of your shade?

Here's the spring-head of Pleasure's flood,

Where all the riches lie, that she

Has coin'd and stamp'd for good.

The Gods, when they descended, hither

From Heaven did always choose their way;

And therefore we may boldly say,

That 'tis the way too thither.—

So sings the poetical Cowley.—

Who leads a quiet country life,

He views his herds in vales afar;

Or shears his over-burthen'd sheep,

Or mead, for cooling streams prepares;

Or in the new-declining year,

When bounteous Autumn rears his head,

He joys to pull the ripen'd pear,

And clust'ring grapes, with purple spread.

Sometimes beneath an ancient oak,

Or on the matted grass he lies:

No god of Sleep he need invoke,

The stream that o'er the pebbles flies

With gentle slumber crowns his eyes.
So says friend Horace,

Happy

Happy the man whom bounteous Gods
allow,

With his own hands paternal grounds to
plough;

Like the first golden mortals, happy he,
From business and the cares of money free;
He sees the lowing herds walk o'er the plain,
While neighbouring hills lowe back to him
again;

And when the season rich as well as gay,
All her autumnal bounty does display
This is the life from all misfortunes free.

Thus, in the same key, the elegant
Maro in the drefs of Dryden.

Oh! knew he but his happiness; of men
The happiest he, who, far from public rage
Deep in the vale with a choice few retired,
Drinks the pure pleasures of a country life,
Health ever-blooming, unambitious toil,
Calm contemplation, and poetic ease.
So sings the Virgilian Author of the
Seasons.

Hail! ye soft seats, ye limpid springs and
floods, [woods!

Ye flowery vales, and meads, and mazy
Here grant me, Heaven, to end my peace-
ful days.

*And steal myself from life by slow decays!--
So says another tuneful Englishman----

Even the manly Juvenal, in the nervous
language of Johnson, speaking of the
Country, says,

There pursue thy walks, support thy droop-
ing flowers,

Direct thy rivulets, and twine thy bowers;

And, while thy beds a cheap repast afford,
Despise the dainties of a venal Lord.

There every bush with Nature's music rings,
There every breeze bears health upon its
wings:

On all thy hours security shall smile,
And blefs thy evening walk, and morning
toil.

To the same purpose, and pretty near-
ly to the same sentiment, might I collect
compliments on the Country, from a
thousand other votaries of the Muses;
but these extracts are sufficient to shew
that versifiers are all in the same story:
from whence one would be led to con-
ceive that Cities were altogether intole-
rable, and fields, grots, groves, rills, hills,
mountains and fountains, were the only
objects that answered the pains of search-
ing. But, alas! the hours of Arcadia
are over; the pastoral pleasures amongst
Nymphs and Swains, Shepherds and
Shepherdesses, are no more; and the
joys which we read of in rhyme, a mere
poetical Utopia. But I with the Rea-
der to indulge his imagination in the
luxury of the foregoing descriptions, till
the appearance of your next month's
Magazine; against which time I will beg
leave to enter a little into the plain prose
fact, and shew the country divested of
the magic of picturesque expressions, ex-
actly as it is, at present, in the year 1775.

[West. Mag.]

M **.

***** Ceremony of a RUSSIAN CHRISTENING, WEDDING, and FUNERAL.

THE Russian religion consists of out-
ward form and much superstition.
I have seen a *christening* and a wedding;
the child was dipped three times in a tub
of water; the gossips had every one a
wax candle in their hands; after the
child had been dipped, the priest (who,
by the way, was very drunk) put on the
shirt, and then exorcised it, and at
the end of every sentence, he and the
gossips spit, to shew they triumphed over
the devil. The *wedding* was one of my
servants; the match was proposed to
the girl's parents, and they approving of
it, came in form to ask my consent;
when that was obtained, the man sent
her a present, consisting of a comb, some
paint, and patches; then he was admitted
to see her for the first time; they gave
each other a ring, and a promise of
marriage, and the wedding was appointed
for that day se'nnight. From that time

to the day of the wedding, the girls of
her acquaintance took turns to be with
her night and day, continually singing
songs to bemoan her loss out of their so-
ciety: when the day came, they took a
formal leave of her with many tears;
and the man's relations came to fetch
her, and her fortune, which was a bed
and bedding, a table, and a picture of
her patron saint. My own maid was
admitted to go with her, which was a
great favour, for none of the women's
friends are permitted to go with them.
As to the rest, I must refer you to the
Bible, to satisfy your curiosity, and
that I may not hinder you from so good
a study, I'll take my leave.

A Tartar prince and his family, who
came to seek protection, were converted to
Christianity, and were publicly christened
at court. As I have told you the ce-
remony of a Russ christening, you may
think

think it odd it should be done in public, but zeal and superstition carry people great lengths; and I could not perceive that either the converts (among whom were *two women*) or the spectators, were out of countenance; and they seemed to think I had great prudery and small devotion, because I withdrew during the ceremony; but I could not bring myself to think, but that, before so numerous an assembly, the ladies at least should have had some other robe besides that of righteousness. Not to have any more reproaches, that "I never tell you any thing but what you directly ask after;" I am going to give you the history of a *Russ burial*, as I have already done of a christening and a wedding. The only one I have seen was of the youngest daughter of prince Menzikoff, who was recalled from banishment, with her brother, by the present empress, and by her married to count Gustavus Biron, youngest brother to the duke of Courland. She died in childbed, and was buried with great pomp. After the company had sat some time, they all went into the room to the corpse. The coffin was open: she was dressed in an undress, as she died in that condition (otherwise, as they told me, she would have been full dressed) in a night gown of silver tissue, tied with pink ribbon; on her head a fine laced mob, and a coronet, as princess of the Roman empire; round her forehead was tied a ribbon, embroidered with her name and age; in her left arm lay the child, who died a few minutes after its birth, dressed in silver tissue; in her right hand was a roll of paper, which was a certificate from her confessor to St. Peter. When all the company were ranged in the room, her servants came to take their leave of her, the inferiors first; they all kissed her hand, and the child, asked her pardon for any crime they had committed, and made the most terrible noise imaginable, rather howling than crying. After that, her acquaintance took their leave, with

this difference, that they kissed her face, and made a hideous noise, though not so bad as the others. Then came her relations, the most distant ones first; when her brother came, I really thought he would have pulled her out of the coffin. But the most moving scene was the husband, who had begged to be excused this dismal ceremony, but his brother thought he ought to comply with the *Russ* custom, lest, as he was a foreigner, it should be deemed a slight. He was brought from his own apartment by two gentlemen as supporters, and they were really, in this case, more for use than shew. He had true sorrow painted in his face, but silent sorrow. When he came to the door of the room where the corpse lay, he stopped and asked for some hartshorn; which when he had drank, and seemed to have armed himself, he advanced to the side of the coffin, and there fainted; when he was carried out of the room and recovered, the corpse was carried down and placed in an open chariot; a great train of coaches followed, and, as a general officer's wife, a party of guards. She was carried to St. Alexander's monastery to be buried, and though the coffin-lid was put on as the corpse passed the streets, it was taken off again when it came into the chapel, and the same ceremony of leave was taken over again, except by the husband, who was carried home in a second fainting fit, the moment the coffin was uncovered. The rest of the ceremony was much like the Roman Catholics. When the corpse was buried, all the company returned to the house, to a grand dinner, which had more an air of rejoicing, than mourning, as every body seemed to have forgot their sorrow; but stop a malicious smile I fancy you have, for the husband did not appear, and is, I believe, truly concerned, as he had a great fondness for her, which always appeared in all his behaviour to her in her lifetime, a more convincing sign of sincerity than howling at her death.

[*Lond. Mag.*]

A DAY IN NOVEMBER.

IT is the *Month of November* alone which has given birth to all the complaints you will find thro' the remaining part of this letter. The Month of November, Sir, has, you well know, been reckoned singularly unpropitious to poor Englishmen.—We are, indeed, most of us, too apt to be

peevish and discontented when the prospects around us have a dark and dreary appearance; and I think our present *November* has been more wet, windy, and every way disagreeable than usual. Our storms at home have proved sufficiently vexatious to me, but when I think of *those*

of

of which I read accounts in the morning papers, I feel myself additionally wretched. In this miserable condition I am insensibly prompted to see my case published in your Magazine; not without hopes that some of your readers, particularly the Votaries of *Momus*, may hit upon an efficacious remedy for the mental disease with which I am sorely aggrieved. I have consulted a great many of the Faculty to no purpose; and to say truth, I much question whether it is in the power of medicine to make me a contented creature. From the following account of my life, character and behaviour, for *one Day*, you will probably be of this opinion.

Before I rise in the morning, so quick is my sensibility, I can tell with a minute exactness which way the wind blows.—The moment I wake, I am master of every variation of the weather-cock on the top of my house. If I feel the "*bleak affliction of the peevish East*,"—to borrow a nervous line of Dr. Armstrong's—I expect no happiness during the subsequent hours: an East-wind is always sufficient to four my temper for the whole day, tho' I do not encounter all its rigour, by sticking close to my fireside.—But to the point.

Yesterday morning, I was so powerfully attacked by *Boreas*, and felt his fury with such acuteness from head to foot, that I squirted a whole mouthful of the Tincture with which I had been cleaning my teeth upon my harmless cat, who lay quietly upon the hearth, and kicked my foot-boy down stairs for making me repeat a question addressed to him; and these two *exploits* raised such a confounded riot in the house, that I hurried out of it as fast as I could.—In my precipitate exit, however, I almost broke my breast-bone in running against one of the posts before the door. Smarting with the pain, while I turned the corner of the street through which I was to pass to the nearest Coffee-House, there came a blast of penitential air which almost took away my breath: instantly clapping my handkerchief to my face to save it from being scalped by a *North-Easter*, not less sharp than a *Tomahawk*, I missed my step, and setting my foot fairly (or rather foully) into the middle of the kennel, was soon covered with mud and dirt up to my mid leg.—When I reached the Coffee Room, cold and dirty, I found every place near the fire filled with Patriots and Politicians of all degrees, who had seized upon every Paper; and some were so keen after News, that they kept two or three Papers in their hands at once. Irritated by this disappointment, I floun-

ed out of the house, and thought I would call upon a gentleman who had often asked me to breakfast with him.—I had been soiled indeed by the false step I had made, but as the dirt had not got higher than my half-boots, I imagined I should not quite disgrace my friend's breakfast-room, and therefore pushed on. Just when I was going to knock at the door, before which stood a filthy mud-cart, one of the abominable fellows hoisting his shovel, splashed me all over—on purpose no doubt. In this nasty pickle I would have slunk home; but my friend, seeing me from his window, came down, and made his man bring me a coat, &c. of his own. When I had changed my clothes, I proceeded to his wife's dressing-room. There her favourite Bologna lap-dog ran yelping at my heels in such a provoking manner, that I could not stir, lest I should crush him with my feet, and throw his lady into a swoon: And so I sat during breakfast in an absolute agony, trying to keep my own ill-humour in, and keep off the little cur; nor could I make one civil answer to all the nonsense about *Garrick and Gabrielli, Pantomimes and Puppet-shows*.—

"You are out of spirits to day?" said my friend.

"Who can be otherwise," replied I peevishly, "in such shocking weather!"

"La! cried Madam, '*it's going to be a vast fine day*;' I dare say there will be company in the Park.—You shall have a corner in the coach, if you please,"—added she, turning to me.

"Walk in the Park in this whirlwind?" answered I.—"But I suppose the women go to shew their legs. Much good may it do them."—

This speech produced a significant look from the lady to her husband. I then took my leave, and went home in order to pull off my friend's clothes, that I might return them. On being let in by the maid, I asked her hastily, where the dirty little rascal was.—"Sir, replied she, we were forced to send for a surgeon, who says that he is sadly bruised with his fall, and ordered him to bed."—"Pha! cried I, what a needless expence and trouble! Some lads would be kicked to a jelly, and never make such a fuss about it." Finding no peace at home, I sallied forth, tho' heartily sick of having been out, to another Coffee-house, and called for a *Dozser*; but my hands were so chilled, that I let the glass fall before it reached my lips, and broke it into a thousand pieces.—Cursing the weather again

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again with additional bitterness, I again ventured out in it to a family with whom I had frequently dined. They received me with great good humour; and the mistress of the house made a number of apologies for her dinner, at it was their *great Wajb*. Her apologies were quite necessary, for the dinner was execrable. The cold beef was musty, the rabbits were raw, the small-beer was dead, the *porter* was stale, and the wine was thick. I never had a worse meal in my life; but the whole family devoured it as if they had been half starved; at the same time settling and unsettling the Colonies—now for the *British Cabinet*, now for the *Continental Congress*,—now for Peace, now for War,—brandishing their knife and forks over mouldy vinegar and stinking mustard. Rising disgusted with their opinions and their politicks, I stepped into a neighbour's to take my tea. Here came in a set of strange boisterous healthy young fellows, and romping girls, who had defiance to all weather, and sung, laughed, and shouted till they gave me an outrageous headache; I rushed, therefore, out of that house, full of *obstreperous merriment*, and repaired to the adjoining one. There I found a peaceful party at Quadrille, and was requested to take a seat vacated by the presence of the occupier being necessary in another apartment. I complied, but never less in humour; and my temper was not certainly mended by the ill cards I held, and by having an ideot for my partner every deal, who lost us three *voles* by trumping my best

cards. Fretted to death at being made such a dupe of, I threw my cards on the floor.—She coolly picked them up, and made a tedious harangue in praise of patience.—Doubtly provoked at her nonsense and her composure, I flew out of the room.—A small dirty rain, not improperly called a *Scotch Mist*, assailed my face in a most disagreeable manner, and forced me, execrating the climate all the while, into the first house that was open.—Having ordered a scollop of oysters and a basin of warm punch, I was in hopes of closing the day with some satisfaction; but I could not touch the one or the other; the former being so inflamed with *Chian*, that it would have burnt up my bowels, and the latter was made of the most miserable Shrub. The company also were ready to give each other the lie about some Speeches which had been delivered in the House that day, and began to ask *my* opinion.—I then thought it high time to decamp: accordingly, I ran home, knocked down the maid in the passage, put out the candle, curst her for a *blind Brim*, scrambled up to my chamber, and had some thoughts of hanging myself in my garters; but not being able to find them, and supposing I had left them by mistake where I had *undressed* in the morning, I sat down and endeavoured to discover what had always made me out of humour, when other people were pleased.—But *no day in November* can favour such an attempt in your gloomy humble servant,

CHARLES CLOUDY.

[West. Mag.]

SELECT OBSERVATIONS on SIMILAR SUBJECTS.

BY VARIOUS AUTHORS.

PAINTING.

I.

THE powers of Eloquence and Music are universally acknowledged, so would be those of *Paint*, were they as universally exercised. The Athenians passed a law, that none who were not of a liberal birth should practise in this art: they could not better shew the sense they had of its power, than in the care they took of its direction. They knew the dominion it had over our passions, and hence were careful to lodge it in the safest hands. Agreeably to this idea, the Greek writers often speak of the Drama of a Painter, of the Moral of

Painting; expressions which mark, that they considered this art as on a level and co-operating with Poetry. One of the gravest and most judicious of the Romans viewed it in the same light. Picture, says Quintilian, a silent and uniform address, yet penetrates so deeply into our inmost affections, that it seems often to exceed even the powers of eloquence. We cannot doubt of the sincerity of this decision, if we consider the character of the person from whom it comes. Cicero was equally sensible of the powers of the Pencil, and often sets them in competition with his favourite art. Their effects are sometimes wonderful. It is said that Alexander trembled, and grew pale,

on seeing a picture of Palemedes betrayed to death by his friends; it bringing to his mind a stinging remembrance of his treatment of Aristonicus. Portia could bear with an unshaken constancy her last separation from Brutus; but when she saw, some hours after, a picture of the parting of Hector and Andromache, she burst into a flood of tears: full as seemed her sorrow, the Painter suggested new ideas of grief, or impressed more strongly her own.

WEBB.

II.

Let the faint copier, on old Tyber's shore,
(Nor mean the task) each breathing bust explore;

Line after line with painful patience trace,
This Roman grandeur, that Athenian grace;
Vain care of parts; if, impotent of soul,
Th' industrious Workman fail to warm the whole;

Each theft betrays the marble whence it came
And a cold statue stiffens in the frame.

TICKELL.

III.

I have somewhere met with a pretty story of an Athenian Courtesan, who in the midst of a riotous banquet with her lovers, accidentally cast her eye on the portrait of a Philosopher that hung opposite to her seat; the happy character of temperance and virtue struck her with so lively an image of her own unworthiness, that she instantly quitted the room, and retiring home, became ever after an example of temperance, as she had been before of debauchery.

WEBB.

IV.

From hence the rudiments of art began,
A coal or chalk first imitated Man;
Perhaps the shadow, taken on a wall,
Gave outlines to the rude original,
E'er canvass yet was stain'd, before the

grace [place,
Of blended colours found their use and
Or Cyprus-tablets first received a face.

By slow degrees the godlike art advanc'd,
As Man grew polish'd, Picture was in hand;
Greece added posture, shade, and perspective
And then the mimic piece began to live;
Yet perspective was lame, no distance true;
But all came forward in one common view;
No point of light was known, no bounds
of art;

When light was there, it knew not to depart,
But, glaring, on remoter objects play'd,
Nor languish'd, and insensibly decay'd.

DRYDEN.

V.

The Landscape Painter is to draw together, and form in one entire view, certain beautiful or striking objects. This

is his main care. It is not even essential to the merit of his piece to labour, with extreme exactness, the principal constituent parts; but for the rest a *shrub* or *flower*, a straggling *goat* or *sheep*, these may be touched very negligently; we have a great modern instance. Few Painters have been known to furnish *finer* scenes, or have possessed the art of combining *woods*, *lakes*, and *rocks*, into more agreeable pictures than *G. Poussin*; yet his *animals* are observed to be scarce worthy an ordinary artist. The use of these is *simply* to decorate the scene, and so their beauty depends, not on the truth and correctness of the *drawing*, but on the elegance of their *disposition* only: for in a landscape, the eye carelessly glances over the smaller parts, and regards them only in reference to the surrounding objects. The Painter's labour, therefore, is lost, or rather misemployed, to the prejudice of the *whole*, when it strives to finish, so minutely, *particular* objects. If some great masters have shewn themselves ambitious of this fame, the objects they have laboured have always been such, as are most considerable in themselves, and have, besides, an *effect* in illustrating and setting off the entire scenery. It is chiefly in this view that *Ruisdale's Waters* and *Claude Lorain's Skies* are so admirable. HURD.

VI.

—In a stupid military state,
The Pen and Pencil find an equal fate;
Flat faces, such as would disgrace a screen,
Such as in Bantam's Embassy were seen,
Unrais'd, unrounded, were the rude delight
Of brutal nations, only born to fight.
Long time the Sister Arms in iron sleep
A heavy sabbath did supinely keep;
At length, in Raphael's age, at once they rise,
Stretch out their limbs, and open all their eyes.

Then rose the Roman and the Lombard line,
One coloured best, and one did best design.
Raphael's, like *Homer's*, was the nobler part,
But *Titian's* painting look'd like *Virgil's* art.

DRYDEN.

VII.

If, instead of furnishing a room with separate portraits, a whole family were to be introduced into a single piece, and represented under some interesting historical subject, suitable to their rank and character, portraits, which are now so generally and so deservedly despised, might become of real service to the Public. By this means, History-painting would be encouraged amongst us, and a ridiculous vanity turned to the improvement of one of the most instructive, as well

as the most pleasing of the imitative arts. It would, indeed, require great judgment and address in the Painter to chuse and recommend subjects proper to the various characters which would present themselves to his pencil; and undoubtedly we should see many enormous absurdities committed, if this fashion were universally to be followed. It would certainly, however, afford a glorious scope to Genius, and probably supply us, in due time, with some productions which might be mentioned with those of the most celebrated schools. MELMOTH.

VIII.

Good Heav'n! that fots and knaves should
be so vain,
To with their vile resemblance may remain;
And stand recorded, at their own request!
To future times, alibel or jest. DRYDEN.

IX.

It cannot, I think, be denied, that the prevailing fondness of having our persons copied out for posterity, is, in the present application of it, a most absurd and useless vanity; as, in general, nothing affords a more ridiculous scene, than those grotesque figures which usually line the mansions of a man who is fond of displaying his canvas-ancestry. I do not, however, absolutely condemn this lower application of one of the noblest arts. It has certainly a very just use, when employed in perpetuating the resemblance of that part of our species who have distinguished themselves in their respective generations. To be desirous of an acquaintance with the persons of those who have recommended themselves by their writings, or their actions, to our esteem and applause, is a very natural and reasonable curiosity. MELMOTH.

X.

Dost thou love picture? We will fetch
thee strait
Adonis, painted by a running brook;
And Cytherea all in sedges hid,
Which seem to move, and wanton with her
breath,
Even as the waving sedges play with wind.
SHAKESPEARE.

XI.

That the Painters find no encouragement among the *English* for any other works than portraits, has been imputed to national selfishness. 'Tis vain, says the Satyrist, to set before an *Englishman* the scenes of Landscape, or the heroes of History. Nature and antiquity are nothing in his eye; he has no value but for himself, nor desires any copy but of his own form. Whoever is delighted with his own picture, must derive his pleasure

from the pleasure of another. Every man is always present to himself, and has therefore little need of his own resemblance; nor can desire it, but for the sake of those whom he loves, and by whom he hopes to be remembered. This use of the art is a natural and reasonable consequence of affection; and though like other human actions, it is often complicated with pride, yet even such pride is more laudable than that by which palaces are covered with pictures, that, however excellent, neither imply the owner's virtue, nor excite it. JOHNSON.

XII.

[Prometheus badly painted.]

How wretched doth Prometheus state appear,
While he his second misery suffers here!
Draw him no more, lest, as he tortur'd stands,
He blame great Jove's, less than the Painter's hands.

It would the Vulture's cruelty outgo,
If once again his liver thus should grow.
Pity him, Jove, and his bold theft allow;
The flames he once stole from thee, grant him now.

COWLEY.

XIII.

Genius is chiefly exerted in historical pictures, and the art of the painter of portraits is often lost in the obscurity of his subject. But it is in painting as in life; what is greatest, is not always best. I should grieve to see Reynolds transfer to heroes and to goddesses, to empty splendor and to airy fiction, that art which is now employed in diffusing friendship, in reviving tenderness, in quickening the affections of the absent, and continuing the presence of the dead. JOHNSON.

XIV.

Fain would I Raphael's godlike art rehearse,
And shew th' immortal labours in my verse;
Where, from the mingled strength of shade
and light,
A new creation rises to my sight;
Such heav'nly figures from his pencil flow,
So warm with life his blended colours glow.
ADDISON.

XV.

It is certain, that the love of this art (Painting) has been considered by every civilized nation, not only as a proof of their politeness, but even as a test of their humanity. Virgil, who seldom hazards his reflections, has given us a singular instance of his judgment on this point. Æneas, on his landing in Africa, has many fears touching the temper and manners of the Africans; but he no sooner sees the walls of their temple covered with paintings, than, secure of a reception,

ception, he cries out, in a transport to his friend,*

Here other sills are felt, the wretched here
Are fure to meet the tribute of a tear.—
Vain are our fears.

WEBB.

XVI.

As when by Raphael's, or by Kneller's
hands,

A warlike courser on the canvass stands,
Such as on Landen bleeding Ormond bore,
Or set young Ammon on the Granic shore;
If chance a gen'rous steed the work behold,
He snorts, he neighs, he champs the foamy
gold.

TICKEL.

XVII

As it is the character of fine writing,
so it is of excellent painting, that the
thoughts should be natural and obvious;
elegant, not remote. A Greek artist
having painted a naval engagement on
the river Nile, it was necessary to mark
the scene of action: to this end, he re-
presented an ass feeding on its bank,
beneath which was couched a crocodile,
ready to spring upon his prey. A Mo-
dern would have planted at one end a Ri-
ver God, with water issuing from seven
urns---and this, with no small conceit of
his erudition. The same simplicity and
happinefs of invention are attributed, in
general, to the paintings of Timanthes;
in one of which he represented, in a lit-
tle picture, a Cyclops sleeping; and to
give an extraordinary idea of his size,
near him were drawn some Satyrs, mea-
suring his finger with a thyrsus; on which
occasion, Pliny makes this remark: "In
all his works there is more understood
than expressed; and though his execution
be masterly, yet his ideas exceed it.

WEBB.

XVIII.

How faint by precept is express
The living image in the Painter's breast!
Thence endle's streams of fair ideas flow,
Strike in the sketch, or in the picture glow.
Thence Beauty, waking all her forms,
supplies
An angel's sweetness, or Bridgewater's eyes.

POPE.

XIX.

Painting has seldom been employed to
any bad purpose. I question if Raphael
himself could have made one convert,
though he had exhausted all the expres-

sion of his eloquent pencil on a series of
Popish doctrines and miracles. Pictures
cannot adapt themselves to the meanest
capacities, as unhappily the tongue can.
Nonsense may make an apprentice a Ca-
tholic or Methodist; but the apprentice
would see that a very bad picture of St.
Francis was not like truth; and a
very good picture would be above his
feeling. Pictures may serve as helps to
religion, but are only an appendix to
idolatry; for people must be taught to be-
lieve in false Gods, and in the power of
saints, before they will learn to worship
their images.

WALPOLE.

XX.

But chiefly pleas'd, the curious eye
With nice discernment loves to try
The labour'd wonders, passing thought,
Which warm Italian pencils wrought;
Fables of love, and stories bold,
By Greek and Latin poets told;
Or what celestial pen-men writ
Or what the Painter's genuine wit
From Fancy's store-house could devise,
Where Raphael claims the highest prize.
Madonas' here decline the head,
With fond maternal pleasures fed;
Or lift their lucid eyes above,
Where more is seen than holy love:
There temples stands display'd within,
And pillars in long order seen,
And roofs rush forward to the sight,
And lamps effect a living light.

COVENTRY.

XXI.

If the design were not too multifari-
ous and extensive, I should wish that
our Painters would attempt the disso-
lution of the Parliament by *Cromwell*.
The point of time may be chosen when
Cromwell, looking round the Pandæ-
monium with contempt, ordered the bau-
ble to be taken away, and *Harrison* laid
hands on the Speaker to drag him from
the chair.

The various appearances which rage
and terror, and astonishment and guilt
might exhibit in the faces of that hate-
ful assembly, of whom the principal
persons may be faithfully drawn from
portraits or prints; the irrefutable re-
pugnance of some, the hypocritical sub-
mission of others, the ferocious inso-
lence of *Cromwell*, the rugged brutality
of *Harrison*, and the general trepidation
of fear and wickedness, would, if some
proper disposition could be contrived,
make a picture of unexampled variety,
and irresistible instruction.

JOHNSON.

* Sunt lachrymæ rerum, et mentem mor-
talia tangunt.

Solve metum.

ÆN. I.

[West. Mag.]

The

The HISTORY of FELIX and OLIVER,

The two unfortunate FRIENDS of BOURBON.

Translated from the French of M. DIDEROT.

THERE were two men, who might be called the Pylades and Orestes of Bourbon: The one was named Oliver, and the other Felix. They were born on the same day, in the same house, and of two sisters: They were nourished with the same milk; for, one of the mothers dying in child-birth, the other took both the children. They were brought up together, and conversed with none but each other. Their mutual love was like existence, which admits of no doubt; they perceived it incessantly, but perhaps had never spoke of it to each other. Oliver once saved the life of Felix, who picked himself on being a great swimmer, and was near being drowned. This action neither of them remembered. Felix has a hundred times extricated Oliver from dangerous adventures in which the impetuosity of his temper had involved him, yet he never thought of thanking the other; they returned home without speaking, or talking of other matters.

When they drew for the militia, the lot fell on Felix: Oliver said the other is for me. When they had served out their time, they returned home. More dear to each other than before—that I can't affirm; for, my dear brother, though reciprocal benefits cement friendships formed by reflection, perhaps they are nothing to those I freely call animal and domestic friendships. At a rencounter in the army, a stroke with a faulchion was aimed at the head of Oliver; Felix put himself mechanically in the way, and received the gash: They pretend he was proud of the scar, but for my own part I don't believe it. At Hasenbeck, Oliver drew Felix from amidst the heap of dead that was left on the field. When they were questioned, they related sometimes the assistance they had received from each other, never that they had given. Oliver talked of Felix, and Felix of Oliver, but neither of himself. After they had lived a considerable time in the country, they both, at the same time, became in love, and both with the same girl: but there was no rivalry between them: He who first perceived the passion of his friend gave up his own pretensions. It was Felix, and Oliver married. Felix, disgusted with life, without knowing why, plunged into all hazardous

enterprises: The last was to become a smuggler. You know, my dear brother, that there are in France four tribunals for trying of smugglers, Caen, Rheims, Valence, and Tholoufe; and that the most severe of the four is Rheims, where a man, named Talbot, presides, who has a soul the most ferocious that Nature ever produced. Felix was taken when armed, conducted before the terrible Talbot, and condemned to die, as five hundred had been before him. Oliver heard of the fate of Felix. One night he rose, without speaking to his wife, and went to Rheims. He waited on the Judge Talbot, threw himself at his feet, and begged permission to see and embrace Felix. Talbot look'd at him, remained silent for a moment, and then made a sign for him to sit down. Oliver sat down. After about half an hour, Talbot pull'd out his watch, and said to Oliver, If thou would'st see and embrace thy friend alive, make haste; he is on the road, and, if my watch goes right, in less than ten minutes he will be hanged. Oliver rose transported with fury, and struck the Judge a prodigious blow with a club, on the back of his neck, that laid him almost dead on the floor, and then ran to the place. Down with the executioner! he cried, attack the Officers! He roused the people, already fired with indignation against those shameful executions. The stones flew about, and Felix made his escape. Oliver endeavoured to retreat, but a soldier of the band had wounded him in the side, without his perceiving it. He gained the gate of the city, but could go no further. Some charitable country-people put him in a cart, and laid him down at the door of his cottage, the minute before he expired: He had only time to say, Wife come near, and let me embrace thee: I die, but Felix is saved.

One evening, as we were taking our usual walk, we saw, at the door of a cottage, a tall woman, surrounded by four small children. Her dejected yet resolute aspect, attracted our attention, and our attention excited her's. After a minute's silence, she said to us, 'Behold these four infants; I am their mother, but I have now no husband. This intrepid manner of exciting commiseration was well adapted to affect us. We offer'd our

con-

contributions, which she accepted with decency. It was on this occasion that we learned the history of her husband Oliver and his friend Felix. We have talk'd of her, and I trust that our recommendation has not been useless to her. You here see, my dear brother, that greatness of mind, and noble endowments, are common to all conditions and all countries; that some men die obscurely, not for want of abilities, but a proper theatre to display them; and that two friends may be found in a cottage, or among the Iroquois.

You desire, my dear brother, to know what is become of Felix. Your curiosity is so natural, and the motive of it so laudable, that we were a little scandalised at not having made any enquiry. To repair that fault we thought, at first, of M. Papin, Doctor in Theology, and Rector of St. Mary's at Bourbon; but our mother upon reflection, gave the preference to the Sub-delegate Aubert, who is an honest jolly fellow, and who sent us the following account, on the varacity of which you may rely.

The man named Felix is still alive. When he escaped from the hands of the Justice at Rheims, he took refuge in the forests of the province, with all the intricacies of which he became acquainted while he was a smuggler. He endeavour'd to approach, by degrees, the dwelling of Oliver, of whose fate he was ignorant.

In the center of a wood, where you have sometimes walk'd, there is a collier, whose cottage served for an asylum to the smugglers; it was also their magazine where they deposited the merchandise and their arms. There Felix retreated, not without danger of falling into the hands of the Officers, who followed him by his track. Some of his associates had carried thither the news of his being imprison'd at Rheims, so that the collier and his wife, when they saw him return, thought themselves in the hands of Justice. I shall now relate what I had from this collier, who died not long since.

It was the children, who were rambling about the wood, that saw him first. While he stoop'd to caress the youngest, who was his god-child, the others ran to the cottage, crying, Felix! Felix! The father and the mother ran out, repeating the same cry of joy, but the wretch was so harass'd with fatigue and hunger, that he had not power to reply, but fell into their arms almost void of life.

The honest collier and his wife gave him what assistance they could: They set

before him bread, wine, and some vegetables. He eat, and laid down to rest.

When he awoke, the first word he pronounc'd was Oliver! Children, do you know nothing of Oliver? No, they replied. He then related what had happen'd at Rheims. He pass'd the next day and night with them. He sigh'd; he repeated the name of Oliver, whom he supposed to be in the prison of Rheims; he would go thither and die with him; and it was not without difficulty they dissuaded him from that design.

In the middle of the second night he took a musket, he put a sabre under his arm, and said to the collier in a low voice,—"Collier!"—Felix!—"Take thy hatchet and away."—"Whither?"—"What a question! To Oliver."—"They set off: But just as they got out of the forest they were surrounded by a party of the militia.

I relate what was told me by the collier, though it appears incredible. These two men on foot were able to defend themselves against twenty horsemen. Probably the latter were scatter'd, and they were willing to take their prey alive. Be that as it may, the action was very hot. There were five horses maim'd, and seven of the riders cut down by the hatchet or sabre. The poor collier remain'd dead on the spot, by a shot in the head. Felix regain'd the forest, and, as he is of an incredible agility, he retreated from one part to another, and as he retreated he charged his musket; he fired and whistled. These strings and whistlings, repeated at different intervals, and in different places, made the horsemen think there was a large gang of smugglers, and they retired with precipitation.

When Felix found they were dispersed, he returned to the field of battle. He took the body of the collier on his shoulders, and went back to the cottage, where the woman and her children were still asleep. He stoop'd at the door, sat himself down with his back against a tree, his face turn'd towards the entrance of the hut, and the dead body at his feet.

The wife awoke, and found that her husband was gone from her side. She looked round for Felix; he too was gone. She arose, she went forth, she saw, she cry'd out, she fell on the earth. The children ran out; they saw, they cry'd, they fell upon their father and their mother. The mother, recall'd to life by the tumultuous distracted cries of her children,

children
roots,
Felix r
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children, pluck'd up her hairs by the roots, and tore her face with her nails. Felix remain'd immovable at the foot of the tree, with his eyes closed, and his face turned away, and said, in a faint voice, Kill me. A moment's silence ensued; then again the cries of grief and distraction burst forth, and Felix said again, Kill me, children; for pity's sake, kill me.

Three days and nights they pass'd in this state of desolation. On the fourth morning Felix said, Woman, take thy sack, put bread into it, and follow me. After a long circuit through the forests, and over the mountains, they arrived at the cottage of Oliver, which is situate, as you remember, at the extremity of the town, where two roads meet, one of which goes to Franche Comte, and the other to Lorrain. There Felix learnt the death of Oliver, and found himself between the two widows of two men, both massacred for him. He enter'd, and said hastily to the widow of Oliver, Where is Oliver? By her silence, by her dress, and her tears, he found that Oliver was no more. A dejection seiz'd him; he fell senseless to the earth, and cut his head against a kneading-trough. As the two widows rais'd him up, his blood ran over them; and, while they were busied in stopping it with their aprons, he said to them, You are their widows, and yet you succour me. Then again his senses left him; and again they return'd; then he sigh'd and cry'd out, Why did he not leave me to my fate? Why did he come to Rheims? Why was he suffer'd to come thither? Then his reason left him; he became furious; he roll'd on the earth, and tore his cloaths. In one of these fits he drew his sabre, and would have kill'd himself; but the two women threw their arms round him, and call'd for help; the neighbours ran in, they bound him with cords, and bled him profusely. As his strength was exhausted, his fury subsided, and he remained as dead for several days. At last his reason return'd. At first he look'd round him, as a man just waked from a sound sleep, and said, Where am I? Women, who are you? One of them said, I am the collier's widow. Ah! he cry'd, yes, you are his widow. And who are you? The widow of Oliver remain'd silent. Then he burst into tears. He turned himself towards the wall, and said, with sobs, I am in the house of Oliver—this is his bed—and that woman there was, alas! his wife.

The two widows attended him with so much solicitude, they inspired him with so much commiseration; they intreated him so earnestly to live, they represented to him in so affecting a manner what wou'd be their wretched condition without him; that he suffered himself at last to be overcome.

During all the time he remain'd in that house, he never went to rest. When the night came on, he issued forth, he wander'd about the fields, he roll'd upon the ground, and call'd on Oliver. One of the women follow'd him, and brought him back at the break of day.

Several persons knew that he was in Oliver's dwelling, and some among them had unfriendly intentions. The two widows inform'd him of his peril. One afternoon he was sitting on a bench, his sabre on his knees, his elbow resting on a table, and his hands before his eyes. He gave no answer to any thing that was ask'd him. The widow of Oliver had a son, about eighteen years; the collier's widow a daughter of fifteen. On a sudden he said to the latter, Go, find the daughter, and bring her hither. He had some mowed grafs hard by, which he fold. The collier's widow return'd with her daughter. The son of Oliver married her. Felix gave them the money he received for his grafs; he embraced them, and ask'd their forgiveness with tears. They fix'd their habitation in the cottage where they now dwell, and where they serve as father and mother to the other children. The two widows lived together, and the children of Oliver had one father and two mothers. It is now near a year and half since the collier's widow died, and the widow of Oliver still daily laments her loss with tears.

One evening, as they were watching Felix, (for one or other of them was constantly with him) they observ'd him melt into tears. He turn'd his hands in silence towards the door that separated him from the women, and then went to making up his wallet. They said nothing to him, for they were sensible how necessary his departure was. They all sigh'd without speaking. In the night he rose. The women were unable to sleep. He advanc'd on tip-toe to the door; there he stopp'd, look'd towards the bed where the two widows lay, dry'd his eyes with his hands, and went forth. The two women clasp'd each other in their arms, and pass'd the rest of the night in tears. It was not known whither he was retired,

but

but there was scarce a week that he did not fend them some relief.

The forest, where the daughter of the collier lives with the son of Oliver, belongs to M. le Clerc de Ranconnières, a man of great wealth, and Lord of another village in those cantons, called Courcelles. One day as M. Ranconnières, or Courcelles, as you please, was hunting in the forest, he came to the hut of young Oliver; he went in, and diverted himself with the children, who are pretty. The figure of the wife, which is not disagreeable, pleased him; the manly tone of the husband, that much resembled his father's, struck him. He learn'd the history of their parents. He promised to solicit a pardon for Felix. He sought it, and obtain'd it.

Felix enter'd into the service of M. de Ranconnières, who gave him the place of a keeper of the forest. After he had lived about two years in the castle of Ranconnières, during which time he sent the two widows a large part of his salary, an attachment to his master, and the impetuosity of his own temper, involved him in an affair, which, though trifling at first, was followed by the most serious consequences.

M. Ranconnières had at Courcelles a neighbour named Fourmont, a Judge in the principal Court of Judicature at Lh—. Their two houses were separated only by a boundary, which crowded the gate-way of M. Ranconnières, and made it difficult for carriages; he therefore put it some feet nearer to M. Fourmont, who replaced it as much nearer M. Ranconnières; from hence arose hatred, insults, and a law-suit between the two neighbours. The suit of the boundary produced two or three others more considerable. Matters were in this state, when one evening, M. Rancon-

nières, returning from the chase, attended by his keeper, Felix, met in the highway M. Fourmont, the Magistrate, and his brother, an Officer, who said, Brother, suppose we were to cut the throat of that old scoundrel, what think you of it? This proposal was not heard by M. Ranconnières, but was unfortunately by Felix, who, addressing himself boldly to the young man, said, Captain, are you valiant enough only to try to do what you have said? And at the same instant laid down his gun, and put his hand upon his sabre, for he never went without it. The young Officer drew his sword, and advanced on Felix; M. Ranconnières ran to him, and seized the hilt of his sword: the Officer then took up the gun, and fired at Felix, but missed him; he return'd the fire with a stroke of his sabre, by which he cut down the Officer's sword, and with it a part of his arm. From hence a criminal process was added to three or four civil actions; Felix was confined in the jail; a horrible prosecution carry'd on; and in consequence of this procedure a Magistrate was degraded from his rank, and rendered almost infamous; and an Officer excluded from his corps; M. Ranconnières died of chagrin, and Felix was doom'd to perpetual imprisonment, and exposed to all the resentment of the Fourmonts. His case must have been miserable if love had not come to his aid. The jailor's daughter conceiv'd a passion for him, and contriv'd his escape. If this was not the fact, it is at least the common opinion. He fled into Prussia, where he now serves in the regiment of Guards. He is said to be esteem'd by his comrades, and even noticed by the King. His military name is Le Triste. The widow Oliver tells me that he continues to send her assistance.

[Univ. Mag.]

Curious Account of the ESCAPE of JAMES, Duke of YORK, when very young, out of the Hands of the Parliamentary Officers, April 20, 1648.

THE Duke of York might have escaped from Oxford, if Sir George Ratcliff, his Governor, would have suffered it, without a positive order from the King. He was carried to London, where the Duke of Gloucester and the Princess Elizabeth had been left, when the King went to the North. The Earl

of Northumberland was made his Governor. All respect was used to him. George Howard, brother to the Earl of Suffolk, and Colonel Joseph Bampfild* contrived his escape; the first carrying all the messages between the Duke and

* His name was Bamford, an Irishman.

Bampfild.

Bampfied, which was all he had to do.

All things being prepared, the Duke of York supped at the usual hour, about seven, with his brother and sister, and after supper all played at hide and seek, with the rest of the young people of the house; having played at it constantly every night for about a fortnight before. The Duke used to hide himself in a place where they could not find him, for half an hour or more; and then he would come out to them. To prevent suspicion of his being gone, when he really was, the Duke locked up a little dog, that used to follow him, into his sister's chamber, to prevent his coming after him; slipped down the back stairs, went into the innermost garden, and so into the Park, out of a back door of the said garden, of which he had a key, where Bampfied staid for him; having a footman with a cloak, which the Duke put on, with a peruke he had ready, and went through Spring-Gardens, where one Mr. Trip staid with a hackney-coach, which carried them to Salisbury-house. Here the Duke and Bampfied went out of the coach, as if going in there; and Trip went with the coach into the city, and kept it as long as he could, at the end of the town. But, as soon as the coach was gone, they took boat and landed on the same side of the river, close to the bridge, and went to one Loo's a surgeon, where they found Mrs. Murray, who had women's cloaths ready for him to put on. He was drest presently, and went with Bampfied to Lion-key, where there staid a four-oared barge for them. They went in down the river, the tide serving them.

But they no sooner entered the barge than the master suspected something, Bampfied having told him to be there with his barge, and he should bring a friend with him, not saying it should be a woman. He thought something more was in it, and was so frightened, that, as they went down, he did nothing but talk with them, how impossible it was for them to pass by the Block-house at Gravesend, without being discovered; and that they had no other way to get on board the ship that staid for them at the Hope, but to land at Gravesend, and get a pair of oars to carry them down. When they debated the distance, and shewed him the hazard of getting a boat to carry them to the ship, he objected the light of the moon. He was soon satisfied fully, that his woman was some disguised

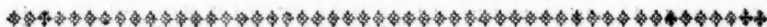
body of great quality. For, peeping through a cranny of the door of the barge, where they then had a candle burning, he saw the Duke put his leg upon the table and pluck up his stockings, in so indecent a manner, as made him conclude what he had before suspected. This confounded him so, as he told them afterwards, that he hardly knew what he did or said; which they perceiving, thought it best to tell him the truth and trust him, knowing him to be an honest man. So the Duke told him who he was, and assured him, that he would take care to provide for him; and, if it was not safe to return to London, to carry him to Holland. The man's mind was now settled. He resolved to pass by the Block-house, without going ashore; and, when they came near the town, he put out the light; let the barge drive down with the tide; passed undiscovered by the Block-house, and got to the ship, a Dutch pink of seventy tons, lying for them, at the upper end of the Hope. She had been cleared at Gravesend, where Sir Nicholas Armourer, Colonel Mayard, Richard Johnson, three Gentlemen, with each a servant, expected them, whom Bampfied had trusted and sent before, that by their help, he might master the vessel, if need.

They set sail, at break of day, with a fair wind, and anchored early next morning, before Flushing, where they staid, expecting the tide to carry them up to Middleburg. The master, with two of his four hands, went ashore with the boat to Flushing, intending to be back, by the time the water was high enough to go to Middleburg. But, before he came back, Owen, master of the barge, who came along with the Duke, came down, in a great fright to the small cabin, telling them that a Parliament frigate was coming in to look for them, and would be with them presently; and that they must get their anchor on board and sail for Middleburg. He was positive it was a frigate. The two seamen would not get up anchor till the master came back. But they were forced by the Gentlemen and the servants to do it; though they said there was not water for it, and the ship would be lost. The ship proved only a merchantman. The vessel struck twice or thrice. But, the master coming on board, and the tide serving, they got to Middleburg, before the tide was spent. The Duke landed in woman's cloaths, staid all night, went next morning to Dordrecht; and sent Bampfied, next day,

to the Hague, to acquaint his sister and the Prince of Orange of his arrival, and to desire cloaths. He was missed, in an hour's time, at St. James's. When

he was not found, on search, notice was given to Whitehall and General Fairfax.

[*Univ. Mag.*]



Remarkable STORY of a GHOST.

Related in a VOYAGE to NEW YORK.

WE had not been four days at sea, before an occurrence of a very singular nature broke in upon our quiet: *It was a ghost!* One night, when all was still and dark, and the ship rolling in the cradle of the sea before the wind, a man sprung suddenly upon deck in his shirt, his hair erect, his eyes starting from their sockets, and uttered, he had seen a ghost. After his horror was a little reduced, we asked him, what he had seen; he said, the figure of a woman dressed in white, with eyes flaming fire; that she came to his hammock, and stared him in the face. This we treated as an idle dream, and sent the frantick fellow to his bed. This story became the subject of every man's mouth, and the succeeding night produced half a dozen more terrified men, to corroborate what had happened the first, and all agreed in the same story, that it was a woman. This plot thickening by time, became the observation of the captain and officers, and all were equally desirous to discover the cause. I placed myself night by night beneath the hammocks to watch its appearance, but in vain, and still the appearance was nightly as usual, and the horrors and fears of the people rather daily increased than diminished. A phantom of this sort rather amused than perplexed my mind, and when I had given over every idea of discovering the cause of this strange circumstance, and the thing began to wear itself away—I was surprised, one very dark night, as seated under the boats, with a stately figure in white, stalking along the deck! the whimsicality of the event struck my mind that

it was the ghost; I dropped down from the place I was in, to the deck on which it appeared; when it paused, and turned round, turned round, and marched directly forwards: I followed it close, through the gallery and out at the head doors, when the figure disappeared, which much astonished me, as it was impossible to pass me in so narrow a place unperceived. I then leaped upon the forecasse and asked of the people who were walking there, if such a figure had passed them? they replied no, with some emotion and pleasure, as I had ever ridiculed the truth of this narrative. This night scene between me and the ghost became the theme of the ensuing day: at twelve o'clock, when the people pricked at the tub for their beef, Jack Sutton was missing; the ship's company was mustered and he was not to be found. I then enquired of his messmates the character of the man, and after a number of interrogatories, one of them said, Jack used to tell him a number of comical jokes about his walking in his sleep. Now the *Mystery* was unravelled, and the unfortunate youth had walked overboard in his dream. But what gave confirmation and even substance to the shadow, was the evil conscience of the first fellow that shewed such signs of horror, who, on enquiry, was found to be a flagitious villain, and had murdered a woman, whom he believed always haunted him, and the appearance of this *sleep walker* confirmed the ghost of the murdered fair one; for in such cases, conscience is a busy monitor, and ever active to its own pain and disturbance. [*Lond. Mag.*]



Natural History of the HOUSE-SPIDER

THE House Spider is of all other insects the most subtle. Formed for a life of rapacity, and incapable of living upon any other than insect food, all its habits are calculated to deceive and surprise; it spreads toils to entangle its prey;

it is endued, with patience to expect its coming; and is possessed of arms and strength to destroy it when fallen into the snare.

In this country, where all the insect tribes are kept under by human assiduity, the

the spiders are but small and harmless. We are acquainted with few, but the house-spider, which weaves in web in neglected rooms; the garden-spider, that spreads its toils from tree to tree, and rests in the center; the wandering-spider, that has no abode like the rest; and the field-spider, that is sometimes seen mounting, web and all, into the clouds. These are the chief of our native spiders, which, though reputed venomous, are entirely inoffensive. But they form a much more terrible tribe in Africa and America. In those regions, where all the insect species acquire their greatest growth, where the butterfly is seen to expand a wing as broad as our sparrow, and the ant to build an habitation as tall as a man, it is not to be wondered at that the spiders are seen bearing a proportionable magnitude. In fact, the bottom of the Martinico spider's body is as large as a hen's egg, and covered all over with hair. Its web is strong, and its bite dangerous. It is happy for us, however, that we are placed at a distance from these formidable creatures, and that we can examine their History without feeling their resentment.

Every spider has two divisions in its body. The fore part, containing the head and breast, is separated from the hinder part or belly by a very slender thread, through which, however, there is communication from one part to the other. The fore part is covered with a hard shell, as well as the legs, which adhere to the breast. The hinder part is clothed with a supple skin beset all over with hair. They have several eyes all round the head, brilliant and acute; these are sometimes eight in number, sometimes but six; two behind, two before, and the rest on each side. Like all other insects, their eyes are immoveable; and they want eye-lids; but this organ is fortified with a transparent horny substance, which at once secures and assists their vision. As the animal procures its subsistence by the most watchful attention, so large a number of eyes was necessary to give it the earliest information of the capture of its prey. They have two-pincers on the fore part of the head, rough, with strong points, toothed like a saw, and terminating in claws like those of a cat. A little below the point of the claw there is a small hole, through which the animal emits a poison, which, though harmless to us, is sufficiently capable of instantly destroying its prey. This is the most powerful weapon they have against their

enemies; they can open or extend these pincers, as occasion may require; and, when they are undisturbed, they suffer them to lie one upon the other, never opening them but when there is a necessity for their exertion. They have all eight legs, joined like those of lobsters, and similar also in another respect; for, if a leg be torn away, or a joint cut off, a new one will quickly grow in its place, and the animal will find itself fitted for combat as before. At the end of each leg there are three crooked moveable claws; namely, a small one, placed higher up, like a cock's spur, by the assistance of which it adheres to the threads of its web. There are two others larger, which meet together like a lobster's claw, by which they can catch hold of the smallest depressions, walking up or down the very polished surfaces, on which they can find inequalities that are imperceptible to our grosser sight. But, when they walk upon such bodies as are perfectly smooth, as looking-glass or polished marble, they squeeze a little sponge, which grows near the extremity of their claws, and, thus diffusing a glutinous substance, adhere to the surface until they make a second step. Besides the eight legs just mentioned, these animals have two others, which may more properly be called arms, as they do not serve to assist motion, but are used in holding and managing their prey.

The spider, though thus formidably equipped, would seldom prove successful in the capture, were it not equally furnished with other instruments to assist its depredations. As it lives wholly upon flies, and is without wings to pursue them, it is obvious they must for ever escape so impotent an adversary; but the spider is a most experienced hunter, and spreads its nets to catch those animals it is unable to pursue. The spider's web is generally laid in those places where flies are most apt to come and shelter; in the corners of rooms, round the edges of windows, and in the open air, among the branches of trees. There the little animal remains for days, nay weeks together, in patient expectation, seldom changing its situation, tho' never so unsuccessful.

For the purposes of making this web, Nature has supplied this animal with a large quantity of glutinous matter within its body, and five ducts or teats for spinning it into thread. This substance is contained in a little bag, and at first sight it resembles soft glue; but, when examined more accurately, it will be found twist-

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ed into many coils of an agate colour, and upon breaking it, the contents may be easily drawn out into threads, from the tenacity of the substance, not from those threads being already formed. Those who have seen the machine by which wire is spun will have an idea of the manner in which this animal forms the threads of its little net, the orifices of the five teats above mentioned, through which the thread is drawn, contracting or dilating at pleasure. The threads which we see, and appear so fine, are, notwithstanding, composed of five joined together, and these are many times doubled when the web is in formation.

When a house-spider proposes to begin a web, it first makes choice of some commodious spot, where there is an appearance of plunder and security. The animal then distils one little drop of its glutinous liquor, which is very tenacious, and then creeping up the wall, and joining its thread as it proceeds, it darts itself in a very surprising manner, as I have often seen, to the opposite place, where the other end of the web is to be fastened. The first thread thus formed, drawn tight, and fixed at each end, the spider then runs upon it backward and forward, still assiduously employed in doubling and strengthening it, as upon its force depend the strength and stability of the whole. The scaffolding thus completed, the spider makes a number of threads parallel to the first, in the same manner, and then crosses them with others; the clammy substance, of which they are formed, serving to bind them, when newly made, to each other. The insect, after this operation, doubles and trebles the thread that borders its web by opening all its teats at once, and secures the edges, so as to prevent the wind from blowing the work away. The edges being thus fortified, the retreat is next to be attended; and this is formed like a funnel at the bottom of the web, where the little creature lies concealed. To this are two passages, or outlets, one above and the other below, very artfully contrived, to give the animal an opportunity of making excursions at proper seasons, of prying into every corner, and cleaning those parts which are observed to be clogged or encumbered. Still attentive to its web, the spider, from time to time, cleans away the dust that gathers round it, which might otherwise clog and incommode it: For this purpose, it gives the whole a shake with its paws, still,

however, proportioning the blow so as not to endanger the fabrick. It often happens also, that from the main web there are several threads extended at some distance on every side: These are, in some measure, the outworks of the fortification, which whenever touched from without, the spider prepares for attack or self-defence. If the insect impinging be a fly, it springs forward with great agility; if, on the contrary, it be the assault of an enemy stronger than itself, it keeps within its fortrefs, and never ventures out till the danger be over. Another advantage which the spider reaps from this contrivance of a cell or retreat behind the web is, that it serves for a place where the creature can feast upon its game with all safety, and conceal the fragments of those carcasses which it has picked, without exposing the least trace of barbarity, that might create a suspicion in any insects that their enemy was near.

It often happens, however, that the wind, or the rustling of the branches, or the approach of some large animal, destroys in a minute the labours of an age. In this case, the spider is obliged to remain a patient spectator of the universal ruin; and, when the danger is passed away, it sets about repairing the calamity. For this purpose, it is furnished with a large store of the glutinous substance of which the web is made; and, with this, it either makes a new web, or patches up the old one. In general, however, the animal is much fonder of mending than making, as it is furnished originally with but a certain quantity of glutinous matter, which, when exhausted, nothing can renew. The time seldom fails to come, when their reservoirs are entirely dried up, and the poor animal is left to all the chances of irretrievable necessity. An old spider is thus frequently reduced to the greatest extremity; its web is destroyed, and it wants the materials to make a new one. But, as these animals have been long accustomed to a life of shifting, it hunts about to find out the web of another spider, younger and weaker than itself, with whom it ventures a battle. The invader generally succeeds; the young one is driven out to make a new web, and the old one remains in quiet possession. If, however, the spider is unable to dispossess any other of its web, it then endeavours, for a while, to subsist upon accidental depredation; but in two or three months it inevitably dies of hunger,

The

The LITERARY REVIEW.

Letters of the late Rev. Lawrence Sterne, to his most intimate friends. Continued from p. 519.

THE following letter, written to Mrs. Sterne, before he married her, places the ardour of his passion in the strongest light.

"You bid me tell you, my dear L. how I bore your departure for S—, and whether the valley where D'Ettella stands retains still its looks—or, if I think the roses or jessamines smell as sweet as when you left it. alas! every thing has now lost its relish and look! The hour you left D'Ettella I took to my bed.—I was worn out with fevers of all kinds, but most by that fever of the heart with which thou knowest well I have been wasting these two years—and shall continue wasting till you quit S—. The good Miss S—, from the forebodings of the best of hearts, thinking I was ill, insisted upon my going to her.—What can be the cause, my dear L. that I never have been able to see the face of this mutual friend, but I feel myself rent in pieces? She has made me stay an hour with her, and in that short space I burst into tears a dozen different times—and in such affectionate gusts of passion that she was constrained to leave the room, and sympathize in her dressing-room—I have been weeping for you both, said she, in a tone of the sweetest pity—for poor L.'s heart I have long known it—her anguish is as sharp as yours—her heart as tender—her constancy as great—her virtues as heroic—Heaven brought you not together to be tormented. I could only answer her with a kind look, and a heavy sigh—and returned home to your lodgings (which I have hired 'till your return) to resign myself to misery—Fanny had prepared me a supper—she is all attention to me—but I sat over it with tears; a bitter sauce, my L. but I could eat it with no other—for the moment she began to spread my little table,* my heart fainted within me.—One solitary plate, one knife, one fork, one glass!—I gave a thousand pensive, penetrating looks at the chair thou hadst so often graced, in those quiet and sentimental repasts—then laid down my knife and fork, and took out my handkerchief, and clapped it across my face, and wept like a child.—I do so this very moment, my L. for as I take up my pen, my poor pulse quickens, my pale face glows, and tears are trickling down upon the paper, as I trace the word L.—O thou! blessed in thyself, and in thy virtues—blessed to all that know thee—to me most so, because more do I know of thee than all thy sex.—This is the philtre, my L. by which thou hast charmed me, and by which thou wilt hold me thine whilst virtue and faith hold this world together.—This,

my friend, is the plain and simple magic by which I told Miss — I have won a place in that heart of thine, on which I depend to satisfy, that time, or distance, or change of every thing which might alarm the hearts of little men, create no uneasy suspense in mine.

—Wait thou to stay in S— these seven years, thy friend, though he would grieve, scorns to doubt, or to be doubted—is the only exception where security is not the parent of danger.—I told you poor Fanny was all attention to me since your departure—contrives every day bringing in the name of L. She told me last night (upon giving me some hartshorn)—she had observed my illness began the very day of your departure for S—; that I had never held up my head, had seldom, or scarce ever smiled, had fled from all society—that she verily believed I was broken hearted. for she had never entered the room, or passed by the door, but she heard me sigh heavily—that I neither eat, or slept, or took pleasure in any thing, as before;—judge then, my L. can the valley look so well—or the roses and jessamines smell so sweet as heretofore? Ah me!—but adieu—the vesper bell calls me from thee to my God!

L. STERNE."

The third volume presents us with a curiosity. It is a letter to Mr. Sterne from a very sensible Black, i. e. the service of the Duke of Montague. The letter itself, of the authenticity of which we have had unquestionable proof, will explain the occasion.

"From Ignatius Sancho to Mr. Sterne.

"Reverend Sir,

"It would be an insult on your humanity (or perhaps look like it) to apologize for the liberty I am taking.—I am one of those people whom the vulgar and illiberal call *Niggers**.—The first part of my life was rather unlucky, as I was placed in a family who judged ignorance the best and only security for obedience.—A little reading and writing I got by unwearied application.—The greater part of my life has been, through God's blessing, truly fortunate—having spent it in the service of one of the best and greatest families in the kingdom—my chief pleasure has been books—Philanthropy I adore.—How very much, good Sir, am I (amongst millions) indebted to you for the character of your amiable Uncle Toby!—I declare I would walk ten miles in the dog days, to shake hands with the honest Corporal.—Your sermons have touch'd me to the heart, and I hope have amended it, which brings

* This word is not printed exactly according to the original letter, which we have seen. Sancho wrote it *Niggers*, to express his contempt of the vulgar pronunciation.

me to the point—In your tenth discourse, page seventy-eight, in the second volume—is this very affecting passage—"Consider how great a part of our species in all ages down to this, have been trod under the feet of cruel and capricious tyrants, who would neither hear their cries, nor pity their distresses.—Consider slavery—what it is—how bitter a draught—and how many millions are made to drink of it."—Of all my favourite authors not one has drawn a tear in favour of my miserable black brethren, excepting yourself, and the humane author of Sir George Ellison.—I think you will forgive me; I am sure you will applaud me for beseeching you to give one half hour's attention to slavery, as it is at this day practised in our West-Indies.—That subject handled in your striking manner, would ease the yoke (perhaps) of many—but if only of one—gracious God! what a feast to a benevolent heart! and sure I am, you are an Epicurean in acts of charity.—You who are universally read, and as universally admired—you could not fail.—Dear Sir, think in me you behold the uplifted hands of thousands of my brother Moors. Grief (you pathetically observe) is eloquent: figure to yourself their attitudes; hear their supplicating addresses!—alas! you cannot refuse—Humanity must comply—in which hope I beg permission to subscribe myself,

Reverend Sir, &c. 1. S."

Our readers, few of whom, we apprehend, are unacquainted with Sterne's philanthropy, (that God of honest Sancho's idolatry!) will readily anticipate the answer which was given to the foregoing letter: but here it is:

From Mr. Sterne to Ignatius Sancho.

Coxwold, July 27, 1766.

"There is a strange coincidence, Sancho, in the little events (as well as in the great ones) of this world: for I had been writing a tender tale of the sorrows of a friendless poor negro girl, and my eyes had scarce done smarting with it when your letter of recommendation, in behalf of so many of her brethren and sisters, came to me—but why *her* brethren? or yours, Sancho! any more than mine? It is by the finest tints, and most insensible gradations, that nature descends from the fairest face about St. James's, to the footiest complexion in Africa:—at which tint of these it is, that the ties of blood are to cease? and how many shades must we descend lower still in the scale, ere mercy is to vanish with them? But 'tis no uncommon thing, my good Sancho, for one half of the world to use the other half of it like brutes, and then endeavour to make 'em so. For my own part, I never look *westward* (when I am in a pensive mood at least) but I think of the burthens which our brothers and sisters are there carrying, and could I ease their shoulders from one ounce of them, I declare I would set out this hour upon a pilgrimage to Mecca for their sakes—which by the bye,

Sancho, exceeds your walk of ten miles in the same proportion that a visit of humanity should one of mere form.—However, if you meant my Uncle Toby more he is your debtor.—If I can weave the tale I have wrote into the work I am about—'tis at the service of the afflicted—and a much greater matter; for in serious truth, it casts a sad shade upon the world, that so great a part of it are, and have been so long bound in chains of darkness, and in chains of misery; and I cannot but both respect and felicitate you, that by so much laudable diligence you have broke the one—and that by falling into the hands of so good and merciful a family, Providence has rescued you from the other.

"And so, good-hearted Sancho, adieu! and believe me I will not forget your letter.

Yours, L. STERNE."

This honest African genius, we are informed, is at this time, by the permission of Heaven, earning a subsistence by keeping a little shop somewhere in Westminster!

The letter which concludes the series, is possibly the last that Sterne lived to write; and we give it to our readers as the *last* (epitolar) words of poor Yorick:

"To Mrs. J.— Tuesday.

"Your poor friend is scarce able to write—he has been at death's door this week with a pleurisy—I was bled three times on Thursday, and blistered on Friday—The physician says I am better—God knows, for I feel myself sadly wrong, and shall if I recover, be a long while of gaining strength.—Before I have gone half through this letter, I must stop to rest my weak hands above a dozen times.—Mr. J— was so good as to call on me yesterday. I felt emotions not to be described at the sight of him, and he overjoy'd me by talking a great deal of you.—Do, dear Mrs. J—, entreat him to come to-morrow, or next day, for perhaps I have not many days, or hours, to live—I want to ask a favour of him, if I find myself worse—that I shall beg of you, if in this wrestling I come off conqueror—my spirits are fled—'tis a bad omen—do not weep, my dear Lady—your tears are too precious to shed for me—bottle them up, and may the cork never be drawn. Dearest, kindest, gentlest, and best of women! may health, peace, and happiness prove your handmaids.—If I die, cherish the remembrance of me, and forget the follies which you so often condemned—which my heart, not my head, betray'd me into. Should my child, my Lydia, want a mother, may I hope you will (if she is left parentless) take her to your bosom?—You are the only woman on earth I can depend upon for so benevolent an action.—I wrote to her a fortnight ago, and told her what I trust she will find in you—Mr. J— will be a father to her—he will protect her from every insult, for he wears a sword which he has served his country with, and which he would know how to draw

draw out of the scabbard in defence of innocence—Commend me to him—as I now commend you to that Being which takes under his care the good and kind part of the world.—Adieu—all grateful thanks to you and Mr. J.— Your poor affectionate friend,

L. STERNE."

There is no date to the foregoing letter, but we imagine it must have been written within a day or two of his death.

At the close of his third volume, we find a droll paper entitled *An Impromptu*; and another of fifteen pages, styled a *Fragment*. It is somewhat in the manner of Rabelais; but so too enigmatical to be understood without a key.

As we have here given a sufficient specimen of the merit of the letters before us, we shall take leave, for the present, of this singular genius, with a transcript of some very pretty, though incorrect verses prefixed to these letters, and said to have been written by way of "Character and Eulogium of Sterne and his writings, in a familiar epistle from a gentleman in Ireland, to his friend—in 1769."

"What trifle comes next?—Spare the censure, my friend,

This letter's no more from beginning to end :
Yet when you consider (your laughter, pray
stifle) [trifle;

The advantage, the importance, the use of a
When you think too beside—and there's nothing more clear—

That pence compose millions, and moments the year,

You surely will grant me, nor think that I jest,
That life's but a series of trifles at best.

How wildly digressive! yet could I, O Sterne,
Digress with thy skill, with thy freedom return!
The vain wish I repress—Poor *Yorick*! no more,

Shall thy mirth and thy jests "set the table
on a roar;"

No more thy sad tale, with simplicity told,
O'er each feeling breath its strong influence hold,

From the wife and the brave call forth sympathy's sigh,

Or swell with sweet anguish humanity's eye :
Here and there in the page if a blemish appear,
(And what page, or what life, from a blemish is clear?)

Trim and *Toby* with soft intercession attend ;
Le Fever intreats you to pardon his friend ;
Maria too pleads, for her favourite distress'd,
As you feel for her sorrows, O grant her request :
Shou'd these advocates fail, I've another to call,
One tear of his *Monk* shall obliterate all.

Favour'd pupil of Nature and Fancy, of yore,
Whom from humour's embrace sweet Philanthropy bore,

While the Graces and Loves scatter flow'rs on thy urn,

And Wit weeps the blossom too hastily torn ;
This need too, kind spirit, unoffended receive
From a youth, next to *Shakspeare's*, who honours thy grave!"

An Humble Address and Earnest Appeal to those respectable Personages in Great-Britain and Ireland, who, by their great and permanent interest in landed property, their liberal education, elevated rank, and enlarged views, are the ablest to judge, and the fittest to decide, whether a connection with, or a separation from, the Continental Colonies of America, be most for the national advantage, and the lasting benefit of these kingdoms. By Josiah Tucker, D. D. Dean of Gloucester. 8vo. 11. 6d. Raikes, Gloucester; Cadell, London.

OF all the contending writers, who have drawn their pens in the present dispute between Great-Britain and America, there is none whose long application to political subjects, and eminent abilities in treating them, merit the deference due to Dean Tucker.—Marked with a singularity of thinking, indeed, which generally accompanies great genius, his views appear frequently to common eyes in a great degree romantic, and his plans deficient in propriety. They, who are capable of entering further into them, do not so readily pronounce them visionary; but, though they may not altogether approve his expedients, are constrained nevertheless to admire them. We shall be more particular, therefore, in our account of the present pamphlet than the bulk of it may seem to require, as well out of respect to the writer, as the importance of the matter in dispute.

"The grand object now before him is, in his own words, simply this; *Great-Britain and her Colonies are at open war*: and the proper and important question arising from such a fact, is the following, *What is to be done at the present crisis?*

"Three schemes have been proposed;—the Parliamentary—Mr. Burke's—and my own.

"The Parliamentary scheme is—to maintain *vis et armis* the supremacy of the mother-country over her Colonies, in as full and ample a manner, as over any part of the British dominions.

"Mr. Burke's is, (though not in express words) To resign or relinquish the power of the British Parliament over the Colonies, and to erect each Provincial Assembly into an independent American Parliament;—subject nevertheless to the King of Great-Britain, with his usual prerogative.—for which favour of acknowledging the same sovereignty, the Colonists are to be complimented with the most precious rights, privileges, and advantages of British subjects.—I say, *complimented*, and complimented even *gratuitously*; for as to their contributing any proportion, either of men or money, towards the public expence, and in return for those favours—all this is to be left to their own innate goodness and generosity, to do just as they please.

"My scheme (which Mr. Burke, in his last speech of March 22, 1775, is pleased to term a *childish* one) is—To separate totally from the Colonies, and to reject them from being

being fellow-members, and joint partakers with us in the privileges and advantages of the British empire; because they refuse to submit to the authority and jurisdiction of the British legislature:—offering at the same time to enter into alliances of friendship, and treaties of commerce with them, as with any other sovereign independent states.”

In order to determine which of the above schemes is the most eligible, our author thinks it should be considered, which is the most easy and practicable; which least expensive, which least likely to prevent future disturbances and disputes, and which least liable to endanger the English constitution and domestic tranquility: all which circumstances he conceives should be taken into account before a proper judgment can be formed. In regard to the first, or Parliamentary scheme, he modestly wishes at present to be silent about it, partly out of respect to that august body which hath given it sanction, and partly because the practicability of its execution is now upon trial. In respect to that of Mr. Burke, as well as to that orator himself, he stands upon less ceremony; “for, says the Dean, though he is confessedly a great rhetorician, and can with his magic voice raise a mighty tempest of metaphorical lightnings and thunders; yet, Heaven be praised, there is the period of all his powers: and his *verba ardentia*, his *flaming words*, are found to end at last (like many other explosions) in noise and smoke. Nor doth it, I humbly apprehend, follow, that the orator is endowed with a greater portion of political discernment than other men, or with more disinterested sincerity, and real love of his country, in making a just and honest application of that discernment; merely because he has more words at command, and can muster up a greater army of bright similes, and florid expressions.”

“But, continues our author, be that as it may, I now consider myself as standing at the bar of the public tribunal; and therefore before the jury is struck, and the trial begins, I humbly beg leave to claim, and to exercise one of the distinguishing privileges of Englishmen in such cases, viz. to except against all such persons in the pannel, who appear to be under a wrong bias, and an undue influence respecting the nature of this dispute.

“And first, I except against courtiers and placemen, considered as such. This, says the Dean, is not uttered out of a spirit of resentment, pique, or disappointment, according to the mode of modern times. For, I thank God, I have no cause to complain of any disappointment; having since my advancement to the Deanery of Gloucester in the year 1758, neither directly nor indirectly made the least, or the most distant application for any other or higher station. This renunciation of aspiring views is a circumstance, which I am persuaded Mr. Burke

knew perfectly well, by various means, and from different persons, especially from a noble Lord, formerly high in office, and a great favourite at court, but now his coadjutor, & a flaming patriot. And yet the orator has been pleased to characterize me by name in his speech of the 19th of April, 1774, without any provocation, as one of those *court vermin* (such was his polite phrase) who would do any thing for the sake of a bishopric.—Moreover I do not make this exception against courtiers from any bad opinion I have conceived of the present set of ministers; for I think it may be fairly allowed, without paying them any compliment, that they are to the full as *able*, and as *honest* as the best of those who are endeavouring to supplant them. But nevertheless, as they are subject to many unhappy biases, which may draw their judgments aside without sinister intentions, they ought to be excepted against in the present dispute.

The writer excepts next to the *whole band of MOCK PATRIOTS*: for which we think he gives very substantial and sufficient reasons; tho’ perhaps we differ in our opinion of many of the personages, whom he would rank in that band. Thirdly, he excepts to the pensioners of France, Spain, or any other rival power, from the roaring patriot in the senate to the miserable scribbler in the garret.—That such traitors to their country now exists among us, he conceives will be doubted, but that such have been is not to be doubted, whence he infers that they may be again.

Our author objects next to all persons of republican principles, who, though they dignify themselves with the name of whigs, are not the genuine *constitutional whigs* of this kingdom, but an unnatural superfection, avowedly inimical to the British constitution. Having thus challenged his jury, the Dean puts himself on a trial by his country, the LANDED INTEREST ONLY.

“These, says he, are certainly the properest and most unexceptionable judges; for they have the *most at stake*; and their interest, and the interest of the Public, must necessarily coincide. They can gain nothing either by war or peace, by a submission to, or a separation from, the revolvers in North America, but what must tend to the general, as well as to their own particular advantage. Whereas almost every other rank of men may find their account, in countenancing and supporting such measures, as may greatly enrich themselves, though at the expence of depopulating and impoverishing their native country.

In considering whether Mr. Burke’s scheme or his own be the most practicable, our author represents the former thus:

“He (Mr. Burke) proposes that all concessions should be made on our parts in favour of the colonies; but that none, or next to none, should be made by them in favour of

Great-Britain. Now this proposal can never terminate the dispute between us and them, but on one or other of the following suppositions.

"First, that the parliament and people of Great-Britain are now convinced, that they have acted injuriously, illegally, and unconstitutionally in pretending to make any laws, whether good or bad, to bind the Americans: because they (the Americans) have their own legislatures, which are totally independent of ours: and therefore we take shame to ourselves, by revoking these pretended, usurping laws. For in short, the first step in politics, as well as in morals, towards sincere repentance, is restitution. Or, secondly, though we should not give up the point of right, of making laws, and cry *pec- cavimus*, yet we take for granted, that no improper use will be made of the great and manifold concessions contained in Mr. *Burke's* scheme; because we have to deal with a people, who (we know by long experience) may be trusted with every thing, as being the *quintessence of honour and honesty*, both in public and private life, and particularly the *fair unfulfilled monuments of national gratitude*.

"Or if this likewise should prove to be a pill too large, and too nauseous for Englishmen to swallow;—then, thirdly, we are to suppose, in order to end all controversy, that the trade with these North-Americans is so essential to our interests, as a commercial nation, that we must keep them in good humour at any rate, and at any expence;—lest they should deprive us of their custom, to the utter ruin of our manufactures, shipping, navigation, &c. &c. &c.

"Or lastly, we must suppose that Old England is in fact grown so exceedingly weak and impotent, and America so very strong and powerful, that it is in vain to resist any encroachments which the colonies may make on the mother-country:—for in such circumstances, it is more prudent to submit to the present evils, great as they are, than to provoke our conquerors to inflict still greater.

"I say, one or other of these four suppositions must necessarily be made, before Mr. *Burke's* plan can terminate in real peace, and restore that harmony of which he makes such continual boastings. Let him therefore, at his own leisure, take his choice of either of the four, or even adopt them all, if he pleases, and make the most of them."

The practicability of his own plan, the Dean endeavours to set forth as follows:

"Suppose, says he, therefore, that you were to recall your fleets and armies, and publish to the Americans the following manifesto, couched under the form of an act of parliament.

"Whereas many of the British provinces, colonies, and plantations in North-America, after having made, from time to time, various attempts to throw off, or subvert the legislative authority and jurisdiction of Great

Britain, have at length proceeded to the greatest and most daring outrages for accomplishing the same, by entering into illegal combinations and traitorous conspiracies, & even by breaking out into open and undisguised rebellion: And whereas the inhabitants in general of the said provinces, colonies, and plantations, shew not the least signs of sorrow and contrition for their past offences, nor any desire to implore the clemency of the parent state, which hath in all instances cherished, supported, and protected them at an immense expence both of blood and treasure; but on the contrary, continue to encrease their hostile preparations for opposing, by violence and force of arms, the execution of the laws made by the supreme legislature of parliament for the due governance, and constitutional dependence of such subordinate states and provinces:

"Be it therefore enacted by the King's most excellent majesty, by and with the advice and consent of the Lords spiritual and temporal, and of the Commons of Great-Britain in parliament assembled;—that every such province, colony, and plantation which either now is, or at the day of next ensuing shall be found to be in arms and rebellion against the laws and authority of the supreme legislature of Great-Britain, shall, from and after the time above-mentioned, be totally cut off, severed, and separated from the British Empire; and that all its inhabitants shall be declared, and are hereby declared to have lost and forfeited all privileges and advantages, benefits and protection, both by sea and land, belonging to, or supposed to belong to the subjects of Great-Britain; and that they shall be deemed, taken, and reputed, in all courts of law, and in all respects whatever, to be as much aliens and foreigners, and subject to the same incapacities, as if they had been aliens born.

"Provided nevertheless, and to the intent, that as far as the nature of the case will admit, the innocent may not be involved in the punishment intended only for the guilty; be it enacted by the authority aforesaid, that it shall and may be lawful for his Majesty, and for his heirs and successors, at any time, to grant a pardon to a whole state, province, or colony, now in rebellion, under the great seal of the realm; or to one or more inhabitant or inhabitants thereof under the seal manual, and to restore such colony, or such person or persons to their former rights and privileges, as British subjects, when it shall appear to his Majesty in council, that such a province, or colony, or such a petitioner or petitioners is, are, or shall be deserving of his royal clemency and favour.

"Suppose, I say, such a manifesto, or one to this effect, and couched under the form of an act of parliament, to be proclaimed to the world concerning the rebellion now existing in America: and then I ask, what possible difficulty could attend the execution
of

of it? Or who would even attempt to prevent it? The only people or nation, who would wish to obstruct the execution of such a law, are the Americans themselves; for they have no manner of objection against participating in all kinds of benefits to be derived from an union with us; though they raise such terrible outcries against sharing in any of our burthens: and yet their efforts and opposition would all be in vain; because, tho' you should even allow, that they are able to maintain their independence in America, that circumstance would not render them the conquerors of Great-Britain, much less of the rest of the world; who must of course remain independent of them."

So far at least as the different schemes are practicable, our author concludes his own to be preferable to Mr. Burke's. He proceeds in like manner, to prove it in other respects also equally preferable.

After settling the point with Mr. Burke, our author proceeds to obviate the difficulties attending a total separation with the American colonies in respect to trade. It is begging the question, he says, to take for granted that, if America were separated from Great-Britain, all commercial intercourse would cease between them. This is the very

point they ought to prove; but prove it they never can, till they shall have first demonstrated, that the Americans will no longer adhere to their own interest when they shall be disunited from us. The immensity of the colony trade, he says, has been puffed up beyond the truth; for by a state of our exports to the colonies for nine successive years, from Christmas 1763 to 1772, compared with those to Holland and Germany during the same period, it appears that the former amounted to 30,294,126l. 11s. 3d. while those to America amounted only to 10,233,103l. 7s. 7d. And yet, according to this author, this very period was more favourable to American exports than any other, for particulars which he enumerates. He next takes a view of the North American imports, which he determines, from facts, to be of far less consequence to Britain than is generally imagined. On this subject he makes several judicious remarks, not unworthy of his professed commercial knowledge. To these is added a whimsical muster of the force of the two general contending parties, into which he supposes the people are at present divided, and with which we shall at present take leave of this celebrated political Divine.

A general Muster of the Forces both for and against the present Government.

PARTIES for overturning the present Constitution, and for setting up something in its stead, for which we have not yet a name.

"1st. The idle and dissolute among the common people are for throwing the present system into anarchy and confusion. They have ardently wished these many years, for some kind of levelling scheme whereby they might enrich themselves at the cost of their masters, and rob and plunder with impunity. If Mr. Wilkes, or any other modern patriot can lead them into this path of glory, they will joyfully follow such a leader, and become his devoted fellow-labourers, in the same good work; but if not, they will forsake him with as little ceremony as they have done some others, and look out for a new leader.

"2dly. That species among the Whigs which is properly republican, is violently for a change of government, suitable to such principles; and these men are now become of some consequence, not so much on the score of their numbers, as on account of their enthusiastic zeal, and of their breaking through every tie of honour, honesty, and conscience, for accomplishing such designs. Moreover, as they put on every disguise; as as they forge, lye, falsify; as they use the word liberty merely as a blind to conceal the batteries they are erecting against it; and as they pretend to support and uphold the constitution, at the very instant they are planning a scheme to destroy it; their designs are so much the more dangerous by appearing

PARTIES for preserving the present Constitution, and for keeping every thing in a quiet and peaceable condition.

"1st. The greatest part of the nobility and gentry in the kingdom; that is, almost all those who have the greatest property at stake, and have the most to lose.

"2dly. A vast majority of the richest merchants, and principal traders and manufacturers throughout the kingdom, are the warm friends of government: the exceptions on this head are few, and very inconsiderable.

"3dly. The clergy of the established church are zealously attached to the present happy constitution, wishing to preserve, and to promote peace on earth, and good-will among men: and in respect to the dissenting clergy, the most eminent and respectable, tho' it is to be feared, not the most numerous, act in the same laudable manner, and endeavour to make their people truly sensible of the many blessings they enjoy under the reign of his present majesty.

"4thly. The proprietors and stock holders in the public funds will undoubtedly range on the side of government; because they can get nothing, but must necessarily lose by the convulsions of the state, and by the overthrow of that constitution, the preservation of which is their greatest security.

"5thly. The whole body of the learned profession in the law, men who have acquired their knowledge of the constitution from authors of a cast very different from bawling, disappointed patriots, or hungry pamphlet-
teers:—

ing to fight under the same banner with ourselves; and the wounds they give are the more difficult of cure; because they stab and assassinate under the mask of friendship, and therefore take their aim the better, and strike the deeper. In the former plots and conspiracies of the Jacobites, their aim and intent were to dethrone the reigning family, and to replace another: the present views of the republicans, which they are incessantly pursuing by various means, and almost contradictory measures, are, to have no throne at all. Hence, by a comparison of the two crimes, the reader must judge, which is the greatest, and the most repugnant to the English constitution.

“ 3dly. The advocates for making North-America independent of the British parliament must, if consistent with themselves, be for turning the British constitution into something very different from what is at present, or ever was; for the very plea these men use in regard to North-America is, that representation and legislation (a very small part of which is the power of raising taxes) must always go together; therefore as nineteen parts in twenty of the people of England, and upwards of ninety-nine parts in an hundred of the people of Scotland, are not qualified to be voters, nor ever were, be their property ever so great, that is (according to this new-fashioned doctrine) are not represented in parliament; it must inevitably follow, that a vast majority of the inhabitants of Great-Britain, as well as British America, have a right to renounce their allegiance to the present government as soon as they please, and to set up for independence. For in fact, according to the dangerous principles now openly avowed, all this multitude of non-electors owe no subjection to that legislature, and to those powers, in the choice or continuance of which they were not consulted. They ought not to be compelled to obey any laws, which were made without their consent or privacy; and more especially where they have no representation, they ought not to be subject to any taxation.---So that being thus happily set free from all coercion of government, all restraints of law, and burden of taxes; and having learnt at last to assert those inherent and unalienable rights, which have been so long usurped, they are now restored to a state of the most perfect freedom, and may either chuse another form of government, according to their own fancy; or else live, as they can, without any government at all. A blessed specimen this of patriotic liberty! a most comprehensible bill of rights! sure of overturning, if carried into execution, every government, that either ever was, or ever can be, proposed to the world.

“ 4thly. The honourable society of the Outs will go as great lengths to throw things into confusion as any set of men whatever; for as these persons have no other end in view than

teers;---these men, I say, in general agree, that each member of the House of Commons, tho' elected by one particular county, city, or borough, doth not represent that particular county, city, or borough, in any *exclusive* sense; for he represents the whole commons of the realm, one part, and one individual as well as another. A member chosen by the county of Middlesex is not chosen *for* Middlesex exclusively, but for all the subjects of the British empire; each of whom hath a constitutional right to his services, and may be as much affected by his particular conduct, and therefore has as much right to *instruct* him, as any freeholder in the county of Middlesex: and he, on his part, is bound by his office to omit the *smaller* interest of the county of Middlesex, or of the Middlesex electors, when standing in competition with the *greater* interests of his fellow subjects in America, or other places:---so that in short, tho' some few only, perhaps not a fortieth part, of the inhabitants of the whole island have legal votes for representatives, all in general, both within the island, and without it, are *virtually* represented. That this is fact and law, that this ever was the constitution of the British empire, from the earliest times down to the present day, is such an apparent truth, that it cannot be denied. Therefore in this sense it is true, and in *no other*, that every member of the commonwealth is supposed to give his previous consent to the making of those laws, which he is afterwards bound to obey, and to the imposing of those taxes which he is obliged to pay. Indeed upon this footing (viz. of virtual representation in some cases, and of actual election in others) a free and well-possessed government can stand, and be supported; but it can be supported on no other: nay, the government of the Massachusetts-Bay itself, whenever this colony shall become independent of the mother-country, must then, as well as now, be supported on this very principle; that is to say, on the very principle against which they so loudly clamour. And besides all this, the very same reasons, which induce the non-represented subjects in England to submit quietly and peaceably to the payment of those taxes, to which they have not given their consent by actual representation, ought to induce the Americans to acquiesce also; because, if the American trade is so valuable, as reported, a British parliament cannot injure this trade by any mode of taxation, without injuring the merchants, the manufacturers, and the traders in general of Great-Britain; and thereby sinking the profits of their own estates, and the rents of their own lands and houses.

“ 6thly. The whole legislative power of the kingdom will certainly support their own authority, and not commit *seis de se* to please their enemies. They will not, they never can admit the parliaments of North-America to be independent of them, or co-ordinate with

than to get into power, and to share the emoluments of the state among themselves and their dependents, they will stick at no measure, however unjust and unconstitutional, to compass this end: nay, they will unfay the things which they themselves had said in administration; they will blame those very measures which they themselves had planned and recommended; and, in short, they will do any thing, and every thing, to raise the evil spirit of discord and dissention, to bring themselves in.

"Lastly, the inconstant and disappointed, those who love to fish in troubled waters, and those who, having spent their fortunes, have nothing to lose, but may have a chance to share in the property of other men by a general scramble; also the desperate and daring of every denomination; all these wish for some speedy change in the constitution."

Sermons, preached before the University of Oxford, to which are added three Charges, to the Clergy of the Arch-deaconry of Worcester. By John Tottie, D.D. late Canon of Christ-Church, and Archdeacon of Worcester. 8vo. 5s. Fletcher, Oxford; Robinson, London.

THESE excellent Sermons, the first of which was preached so long ago as the year 1734, are sixteen in number, and relate to some of the most important subjects, both doctrinal and practical. To particularize each would lead us beyond our prescribed limits. The occasion of this sensible preacher's last charge is, however, recent and popular enough to give propriety to our extracting thence a specimen of his religious principles, and that moderation which tempers the zeal of his orthodoxy. The subject of it is the late attempt of certain clerical petitioners to obtain an alteration in the Articles of the Church of England. On this head Dr. Tottie thus addresses his reverend brethren of the Arch-deaconry of Worcester.

"The attack publicly made upon the Articles of the Church of England, must of necessity have engaged your attention; and the invidious reflections, which, in defiance of all decency and charity, have been cast upon those who have given their assent to them, must have quickened this attention in all who have any degree of sensibility or concern for their reputation. Indeed the charge brought against us is of so serious a nature, and is made with such an uncommon degree of confidence, that it behoves us to consider well upon what ground we stand. It amounts in fact to this:—'That no man' of sense can believe the articles, and no 'honest man can subscribe to them.' It is however some consolation to us, under this heavy imputation, to reflect, that if we cannot escape abuse, we are abused in good company; as we are in this respect no more deficient in point of sense and honesty, than many of the most illustrious men that this or any other nation ever produced; men of the greatest abilities and integrity; whose whole lives were employed, with the advan-

with themselves in the same state or empire.

"7thly. The whole executive power of the kingdom is at present in the hands of his Majesty, and of those who act in his name, and by his authority. There the constitution has placed it, and in no other hands; nor is there the least probability that mobbing, huzzaing, furious speeches, and inflammatory libels, without arms, artillery, or ammunition, and without a treasury, will be able to wrest the executive power out of the hands of those who constitutionally enjoy it.

"And now upon this General Review and Muster of the Forces on the Malcontent, as well as the Government Side, let every one consider well within himself, what he ought to do at the present crisis, as a constitutional patriot, an honest Englishman, a loyal subject, and a prudent man."

tages of every kind of subsidiary learning, in a laborious study of the scriptures:—Some, who were engaged in the great and arduous work of the reformation of religion; and others who have defended that reformation by writings, which will convey their memories to posterity with honour. Indeed, the names of Cranmer, Latimer, Ridley, Jewel, Hooker, Chillingworth, at the head of a thousand more that will dignify the catalogue, are so respectable and venerable, that a modest man of inferior attainments would almost be inclined to take up the sentiments of the young man in Cicero, *Errare mehercule malo cum Platone, quam cum istis vera sentire*. This at least he may think and say,—That no man need be ashamed of holding opinions in matters of religion which they maintained; and that if no reproach can be cast upon him which will not fall with equal weight upon them, all such reproach is *honourable*.

"But it was their misfortune, it seems, to have lived in times of ignorance and restraint, from which the present age, enlightened by new discoveries, and uncontrolled in the free exercise of reason, is happily disengaged. Practical religion, I may venture to affirm, has gained no ground from the improvements of the times; neither can I persuade myself that our modern refinements have at all mended the system of our faith in its principles or doctrines. They have been of little use to our best and ablest divines down to the present times, who have all along adhered to the platform of religion as settled by our first reformers. Such as have either compiled regular systems of our faith, or have explained particular branches of it, have, in general, maintained in many excellent and applauded writings on a great variety of subjects, which all together take in the whole plan of our religion, a perfect agree-

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agreement with the articles of our church. This could not have happened, if these articles had propoed to their acceptance many absurd and unscriptural propositions. These writers certainly had sense enough to know what was *rational*, and learning enough to discover whether the articles *contradicted the Scriptures* or not. They were men of too much virtue and honour to be charged with *hypocrisy*; and too wise and sensible to be misled by *prejudice*. Candour, and even justice, will oblige us to suppose, that their judgment in matters which they appear to have well considered and understood had confirmed the principles of their education. But it is the common cant of scepticism to attribute the reception of established doctrines, merely because they were established, to prejudice or something worse; whilst every extravagant notion of a fanciful brain shall be the offspring of unprejudiced reason, whenever it contradicts a received opinion."

These reflections the Preacher acknowledges intended to bespeak a favourable acceptance of his discourse; in which he endeavours to explain the more obnoxious articles of our church by such rules of interpretation as prove them to contain, with the rest, a rational and consistent scheme of christian doctrine, agreeable to the scriptures.

[*London Review.*]

Archæologia; or, miscellaneous Tracts relating to Antiquity. Published by the Society of Antiquaries of London. Vol. III. 4to. 39s. Boards. Wbiston, &c. 1775.

THIS volume consists of forty-four articles. The seven first numbers of which treat on ancient horns of different kinds, but more particularly as they were used, among other purposes, for transferring inheritances. These horns are said to have been of four sorts, viz. those used in drinking, in hunting, in summoning the people, and those of a mixed kind. Mr. Pegge presents us with general observations on the horn as a charter, and with a particular account of a horn in the possession of Mr. Sam. Foxlowe, of Stavely, who, in virtue of this instrument, (which was of the summoning kind), enjoys the offices of feodary or bailiff in fee, escheator, coroner, and clerk of the market of the honour of Tutbury; but the second of these posts is in a manner obsolete.

The Pusey horn, now in the possession of Mrs. Jane Allen, of Pusey, Berks, sister of the late — Pusey, Esq; is still more ancient and curious than the former. Beside the silver-gilt rims & a broad ring in the middle, it is neatly mounted on 2 hounds feet, which support the whole. An inscription shews that the manor of Pusey was given to the ancestors of the Pusey family, by the Danish king, Canute: we are told that Charles Pusey produced this horn in court before Lord Chancellor Jefferies, when it was admitted

and prov'd to be the identical horn, by which, as by a charter, Canute had conveyed the manor of Pusey 700 years before. It appears to have been originally intended for the purposes of hunting; but as a hound's head of silver gilt is made to screw in as a stopper at the final end, it is supposed to have been also a drinking horn.

The Boretail horn falls next under notice, as the title by which one Negel, a huntman, held some land, together with the custody of the forest of Bernwood in Bucks. This Nigel had killed a wild boar which infested Bernwood, and presented its head to Edward the Confessor, who rewarded him with the above estate, to hold to him and his heirs *per annum cornu, quod est charta predictæ forestæ*. Upon this land Nigel built a mansion house, called Boretail, in memory of the slain boar.

No. 4, gives an account of a horn presented about the year 1347, to the guild of Corpus Christi, the original founders of the college which bears that name, where this curious piece of antiquity is now preserved.

The following article consists merely of an extract from the will of Thomas Earl of Ormond, dated July 31, 1575, by which he disposes of a "*hyde wyghe borne of hory, garnished at both ends with gold, &c. which*, he says, *was myn ancestors at syffty tyme they were called to honour.*"

Certain charter horns in the cathedral of Carlisle are next briefly described by Bishop Lyttleton. These horns prove to be the *carb* of some very large sea-fish given by King Henry I. to the prior and convent of Carlisle, when he granted them tythes of some lands within the forest of Ingledwood, to be held *per quoddam cornu eborcum*.

The most ornamental piece of antiquity of the above kind is the property of the Right Hon. Thomas Lord Bruce. It is an elephant's tusk, converted to the use of an horn, supposed to have descended to the present noble possessor through the Seymours, by an alliance of this latter family with that of the Esturmys; "which family, Mr. Camden observes, had been ever since the reign of Henry the Second hereditary bailiffs and keepers of the neighbouring forest of Severnake, in memory whereof their great hunting horn, tipped with silver, is still preserved by the Seymours." However, the descent of this horn appears to be a matter of uncertainty and debate. Its embellishments are various and remarkable.

The Hon. Daines Barrington furnishes the next article, in which are described two musical instruments used in Wales, the first is called *Ciwth* or *Craib*, and seems to have been the origin of the violin, which was not commonly known in England till the reign of Charles I. Mr. Barrington was the more solicitous to preserve the knowledge of it, as it is now perhaps on the point of being totally lost, since there is but one person, John Morgan, of Newburgh in the Isle of Anglesey

sey, who can play on it, and he is fifty-nine years of age. The other rude musical instrument is called a Pibcorn: "As the name, says our Author, signifies the *burn-pipe*, I have little doubt but that the musical movement which is thus called to this day, was originally made for dances which were performed to this instrument."

In the two next dissertations we have an enquiry into the antiquity of horse-shoes. Charles Rogers, Esq; gives some general account of the subject, which Mr. Pegge treats more largely, in order to prove that "the shoeing of horses was very far from being a general practice among the ancients."

We afterwards meet with a long memoir on cock-fighting; wherein the antiquity of it, as a pastime, is examined and stated; some errors of the moderns concerning it are corrected, and the retention of it among Christians is absolutely condemned and proscribed: this is also written by Mr. Pegge. He supposes the practice to have been introduced among the Greeks by Themistocles, who when leading the Athenian army against the Persians, attended to some cocks fighting, and, stopping his troops, observed to them, that those animals fought not for the gods of their country, nor for the monuments of their ancestors, nor for glory, nor for freedom, nor for their children, but for the sake of victory; and from this topic he endeavoured to inspire his soldiers: from this time an anniversary cock-fighting is said to have been appointed by Themistocles, who had gained the victory, and desired in this manner to commemorate it, and excite a spirit of valour among the Athenians. From the Grecians it passed to the Romans, though Mr. Pegge supposes that the latter used quails in fighting rather than cocks. "The cock, he adds, was in Britain before Cæsar's arrival, but no notice of his fighting has occurred to me earlier than the time of William Fitz-Stephen, who wrote the life of Archbishop Becket, some time in the reign of Henry II." Mr. Pegge, with just severity, censures the practice, and inveighs against its barbarity: but notwithstanding all that he, or, perhaps, an angel from heaven could say on the subject, it is still probable there will be found a set of barbarians who will support and continue the practice. We wonder that he has not added somewhat on the custom of throwing at cocks, a diversion equally cruel, unchristian, and detestable.

No. 21 consists of extracts from a MS. dated "*apud Ebbam, mense Jan. 22, Hen. VIII.*" Communicated to the Society by Mr. Brereton.—The Manuscript is entitled, "Articles devised by his Royal Highness*, with advice of his council, for the establishment of good order and reformation of sundry errors and misuses in his house-

hold and chambers." Among other orders in this MS. one is, "Dinner to be at ten and supper at four." How different this from present custom! As is also the following: "The Queen's maids of honour to have a chet leat, a manchut, a gallon of ale, and a chine of beef for their breakfast." Other directions are: "The proper officers between six and seven o'clock every morning to make the fire in and *straw* his Highness's privy chamber: Coal only allowed to the King's, Queen's, and Lady Mary's chambers: Injunction to the brewer not to put hops or brimstone into the ale." Among fowl for the tables are crocads, winders, runners, grows, and peions, but neither Turkey, or Guiney fowl. Among the fishes is a porpoise, and if it is too big for a horse load, a further allowance is made for it to the purveyor.—*Monthly Rev.*

Devotional pieces, compiled from the psalms and the Book of Job. To which are prefixed, Thoughts on the devotional Taste, on Sects, and on Establishments. 8vo. 2s. 6d. sewed, Johnson.

IN the essay prefixed to these pieces, the author, Mrs. Barbauld, (late Miss Aikin) considers that part of religion, which consists in devotion, as an object of sentiment and feeling. Its seat, she says, is in the imagination and passions; and it has its source in that relish for the sublime, the vast, and the beautiful, by which we taste the charms of poetry, and other compositions, that address our finer feelings, rendered more lively and interesting by a sense of gratitude for personal benefits.

From this consideration she proceeds to enquire, what causes have contributed to check the operations of religious impressions among those, who have steady principles, and are well disposed to virtue.

In the first place, she observes, "There is nothing more prejudicial to the feelings of a devout heart, than a habit of disputing on religious subjects. Free enquiry is necessary to establish a rational belief; but a disputatious spirit, and fondness for controversy, gives the mind a sceptical turn, and an aptness to call in question the most established truths. It is impossible to preserve that deep reverence for the deity, with which we ought to regard him, when all his attributes, and even his very existence, become the subject of familiar debate."

Secondly, "Philosophy, in some respects, exerts an influence perhaps rather unfavourable to the fervor of simple piety. It does indeed enlarge our conceptions of the deity, and gives us the sublime ideas of his power and extent of dominions; but it raises him too high for our imaginations to take hold of, and in a great measure destroys that affectionate regard, which is felt by the common class of pious christians—It represents

* The title of Majesty was not then given to our Kings.

the Deity in too abstracted a manner to engage our affections. A being without hatred and without fondness, going on in one steady course of even benevolence, neither delighted with praises, nor moved by importunity, does not interest us so much, as a character open to the feelings of indignation, the soft relentings of mercy, and the partialities of particular affections. . . . We are likewise too scrupulous in our public exercises, and too studious of accuracy. A prayer strictly philosophical must ever be a cold and dry composition. . . .

Thirdly, 'a circumstance, which most effectually operates to check devotion, is a ludicrous style in speaking on religious subjects, or ridiculing those whose hearts are giving way to honest emotions.

Fourthly, 'We should not be too scrupulously afraid of superstition. It shews great ignorance of the human heart, and the springs by which its passions are moved, to neglect taking advantage of the impression, which particular circumstances, times, and seasons, naturally make upon the mind.'

Having considered the various causes, which contribute to deaden the feelings of devotion, the author enquires, in what manner they are affected by the different modes of religion, by sects and establishments.'

Part of what she says on this head is as follows:

'In a sect, which is always in some degree a persecuted one, the strong union, and entire affection of its followers, the sacrifice they make to principle, the force of novelty, and amazing power of sympathy, all contribute to cherish devotion. It rises even to passion, and absorbs every other sentiment. A strain of eloquence, often coarse, indeed, but strong and persuasive, works like leaven in the heart of the people. But this stage cannot last long. The heat of persecution abates, and the fervor of zeal feels a proportionable decay. . . . Now come on the period of reasoning and examination. . . . Opinions are canvassed. Their ministers gain respect as writers, and their pulpit discourses are studied and judicious. . . . Then is the second period. The third approaches very fast. Men grow tired of a controversy, which becomes insipid from being exhausted. Persecution has not only ceased; it begins to be forgotten; and from the absence of opposition in either kind springs a fatal and spiritless indifference. That sobriety, industry, and abstinence from fashionable pleasures, which distinguished the fathers, has made the sons wealthy; and eager to enjoy their riches, they long to mix with that world, a separation from which was the best guard to their virtues. . . .

'An establishment affects the mind by splendid buildings, music, the mysterious pomp of ancient ceremonies; by the sacredness of peculiar orders, habits, and titles; by its secular importance; and by connecting with reli-

gion, ideas of order, dignity, and antiquity. It speaks to the heart, through the imagination and the senses; and though it never can raise devotion so high, as it does in a beginning sect, it will preserve it from ever sinking into contempt.'

In the several stages of religious sects, and in all religious establishments, our Author observes, some things deserving of commendation, and some things which merit censure: and she paints the peculiar advantages and defects of each, with a boldness of design and colouring worthy of her pencil. She closes the description with the following reflection, in which are most happily united, liberality of sentiment, strength of conception, and elegance of expression.

'Thus we have seen that different modes of religion, though they bear little good-will to each other, are nevertheless mutually useful. Perhaps there is not an establishment so corrupt, as not to make the gross of mankind better than they would be without it. Perhaps there is not a sect so eccentric, but that it has set some one truth in the strongest light, or carried some one virtue, before neglected, to its utmost height, or loosened some obstinate and long rooted prejudice. They answer their end; they die away; others spring up, and take their place. So the purer part of the element, continually drawn off from the mighty mass of waters, forms rivers, which running in various directions, fertilize large countries; yet, always tending toward the ocean, every accession to their bulk or grandeur but precipitates their course, and hastens their re-union with the common reservoir from which they were separated.'

With respect to the devotional pieces, the reader will form the best judgment of their nature and design from the Compiler's own account. Speaking of the Psalms of David, she says: 'Such pieces are certainly proper not only to be read as compositions, but to be used as acts of devotion, either in private, or in public and social worship. But unhappily, the very great mixture there is in these divine odes, renders them unfit for either of these purposes. We cannot enter into all the situations, and it would not be safe to adopt all the sentiments of their author; for the royal poet had strong passions, and was very sensible to resentment, as well as to gratitude. Nor is this inconvenience sufficiently obviated by using only chosen pieces; for it is not easy, on the sudden, to make a selection: and besides, there are in the finest Psalms exceptionable passages; and in the most improper ones some verses too beautiful to be lost. It was hoped, therefore, that it might be of service to the cause of religion, to make a collection of the kind now offered to the public. In this collection, all the Psalms which would bear it are given entire; others, where the connected sense could be

preserved with such an omission, have only the exceptionable parts left out; and a third class is formed of separate passages scattered through several pieces, which are attempted to be formed into regular and distinct odes. With regard to their subjects, they may be divided into moral, devotional, and occasional. Amongst the occasional ones but few have been admitted. The devotional may be subdivided into Psalms of Praise, Penitence, and Prayer. Most of the prophetic pieces are excluded, as not properly entering into the idea of worship. The Book of Job, being so similar in style, has been taken into the scheme.—*M. and Crit. Rev.*

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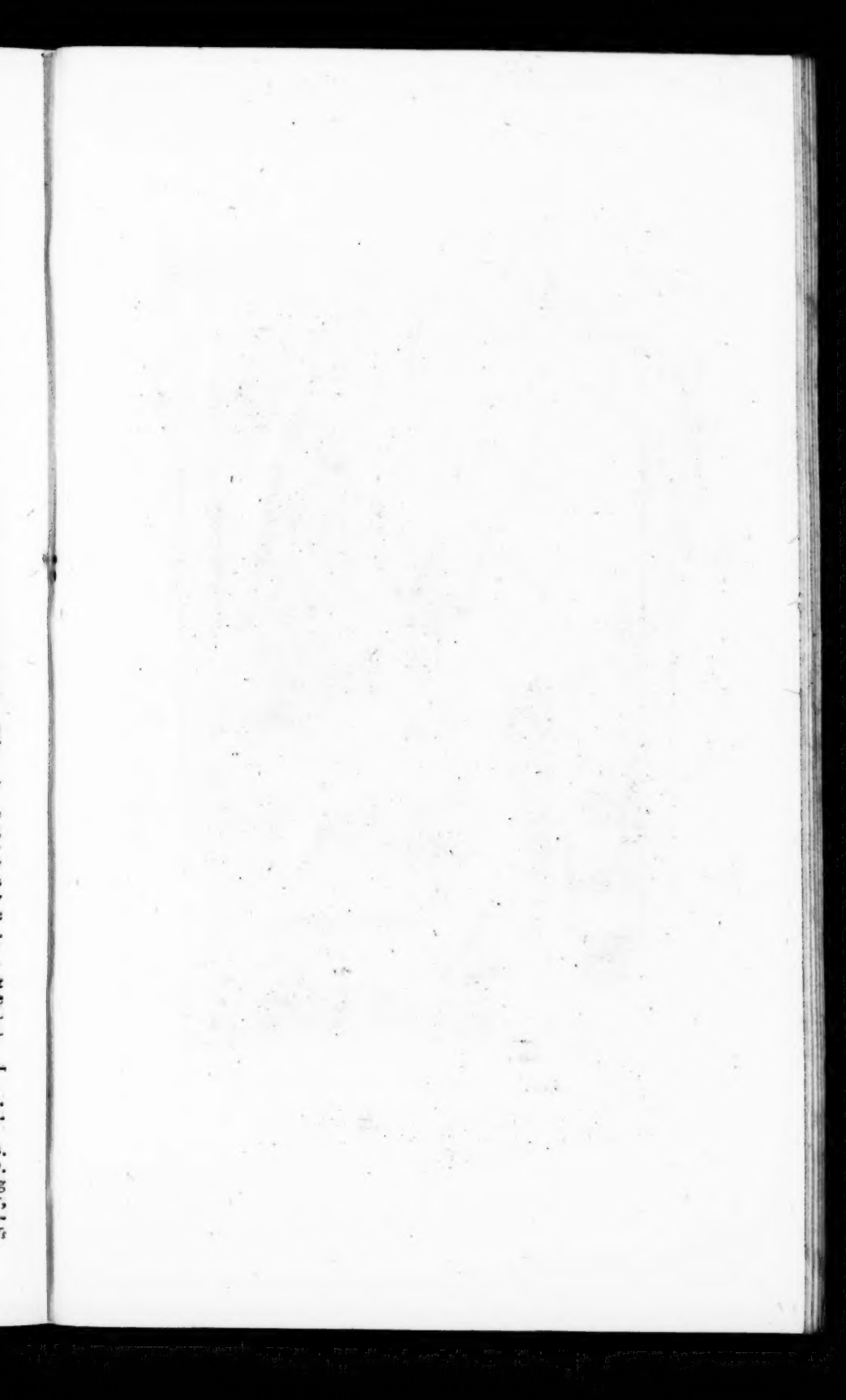
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Engraved for the Monthly Miscellany.



WINTER.

*Rapacious, at the Mothers throat they fly,
And tear the screaming infant from her breast*

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FLOWERS OF PARNASSUS.

*The following Lines, from THOMSON'S
WINTER, are the Subject of the an-
nex'd beautiful Engraving.*

BY wintry famine rous'd, from all the tract
Of horrid mountains which the shining
Alps,

And wavy *Appenines*, and *Pyrenæes*,
Branch out stupendous into distant lands;
Cruel as death, and hungry as the grave!
Burning for blood! bony, and ghastly, & grim!
Assembling wolves in raging troops descend;
And, pouring o'er the country, bear along,
Keen as the north-wind sweeps the glossy snow.
All is their prize. They fasten on the steed,
Press him to earth, and pierce his mighty heart.
Nor can the bull his awful front defend,
Or shake the murdering savages away.
Rapacious, at the mother's throat they fly,
And tear the screaming infant from her breast.
The godlike face of man avails him nought.
Even beauty, force divine! at whose bright
glance

The generous lion stands in soften'd gaze,
Here bleeds, a hapless undistinguish'd prey.
But if, appriz'd of the severe attack,
The country be shut up, lur'd by the scent,
On church-yards drear (inhuman to relate!)
The disappointed prowlers fall, and dig
The shrouded body from the grave; o'er which,
Mix'd with foul shades, and frighted ghosts,
they howl.

For the MONTHLY MISCELLANY.

On the DEATH of a FRIEND.

WHEN Nature, and her sister Art, unite,
To form a model pleasing to the sight;
When ev'ry choice perfection they impart,
To charm the eye, and captivate the heart;
Eager we wish, as wrapt in thought we view,
That what's so pleasing, may be lasting too.

But ah! how vain the wish, since nought can
save
Grace, Wit, Youth, Beauty, from the clay-cold
(In lost, lamented Strephon, were combin'd
The beauties of the body and the mind)
Deaf to all prayers, Death takes his ruthless
way,

And unrelenting claims his lovely prey;
No tears can stop him, and no prayers detain—
And ah! maternal fondness sighs in vain.

And shall no lays, no softly-flowing verse,
With plaintive numbers, deck thy table hearse?
Accept these tears, it is for thee they flow,—
The tears of sorrow, and the sighs of woe!
Accept these sighs—one's tributary lay—
The last sad office that a friend can pay.

O much-lov'd Strephon! honor'd shade attend,
Behold the sorrows of a mournful friend:
A friend sincere, who, with admiring eyes,
With pleasure saw thy budding virtues rise:

'Tis purest friendship bids my breast to glow,
"These sighs to murmur, and these tears to
flow;"

Which fain some off'ring at thy tomb would
spread, [dead]

Who lov'd thee living, and who mourns thee
Stop, tyrant, stop, that horrid stroke refrain—
Must ev'ry grace, and virtue plead in vain?

Yet think, oh! think, what woes must hence
arise, [sighs!]

What briny floods of tears, what heaving
For ah! no pen the parent's grief can tell,
Who lov'd so fondly, and who lov'd so well.

What must all pray'rs, relentless tyrant, fail!
I see, I see the fever's force prevail;

Extend its pow'r his burning frame all o'er,
I see exhausted Nature can no more!

Th' angelic soul now takes its airy flight,
And wings its passage to the realms of light.

O ever mourn'd, O ever honour'd name!
Thou liv'st! a phoenix, and thou di'st in flame.

Fain would the Muse afford some kind relief,
To calm the sorrows of parental grief;

But ah! where can the healing balm be found,
The flame so tender, and so deep the wound!

The Muse endeavors, but the Muse must fail—
'Tis Faith, and Faith alone, that can prevail:

'Tis her's to ease affliction's galling load,
To teach weak mortals to submit to God.

What tongue can tell, what pen describe the
moan

Of such sad parent, and for such a son?
How short description comes, and verse how
faint,

Parental love, its utmost force to paint!
The pow'rs of sacred poetry, how weak!

Ye loving sires, and you fond mothers, speak!
For ah! it far transcends the force of art,
To tell the melting language of the heart.

CANTUARIENSIS.

EPISTLE from HENRY FIELDING to
Sir ROBERT WALPOLE.

WHILE the helm of state you ride,
The nation's envy, and its pride;
While foreign courts with wonder gaze,
And curse those councils which they praise;
Would you not wonder, Sir, to view
Your Bard a greater man than You?
Which that he is, you cannot doubt,
When you have read the sequel out.
You know, great Sir, that ancient fellows,
Philosophers, and such folk, tell us,
No great analogy between
Greatness and Happiness is seen:
If then, as it must follow straight,
Wretched to be, is to be great,
Forbid it, Gods, that you should try
What it is to be as great as I.
The family that dines the latest,
Is, in our street, esteem'd the greatest;

But

But latest hours must surely fall
 'Fore him who never dines at all.
 We are always taught, it does behove us
 To think them *greatest* who are *above* us :
 Another instance of my glory,
 Who live above you *twice* two story ;
 And from my garret can look down
 On the whole street of Arlington.*
 Familiar you to admiration,
 May be approach'd by half the nation ;
 While I, like the Mogul in Indo,
 Am never seen but at my *window*.
 Greatness, by poets still is painted,
 With many followers acquainted ;
 This too does in my favour speak,
 Your levee is but twice a week ;
 From mine I can exclude but *one* day,
 My door is quiet on a Sunday.
 If with my greatness you're offended,
 The fault is easily amended,
 For I'll come down, with wond'rous ease,
 Into whatever place you please.
 Admiral, General, Judge, or Bishop,
 Or I can foreign treaties dish up ;
 Should the good Genius of the Nation
 Send me forth to negotiation,
 Tuscan and Greek are in my head,
 Latin I write, and French I read :
 If you ask what I'm fittest for, you know, I'm
 I'm fittest for a SINECURE. [sure,

W. FIELDING.

* *The street where Sir Robert lived.*

☞ Sir Robert was so pleased with the inimitable vein of good humour with which the above is replete, that he generously rewarded the indigent humourist with a note of five hundred pounds.

For the MONTHLY MISCELLANY.

CHARITY.

FORGIVING CHARITY, where dost thou sleep !

In what soft frame dost thou for folly weep !
 Alas ! thou'rt fled the *Christian's* frigid breast ;
 Nor Jew, nor Turk, nor Pagan give thee rest.
 Where then, but in the wide expanded soul,
 Can all thy goodness, all thy mercy roll ?
 Can *Wesley* ask, or *Toplady* demand,
 The healing balm from thy lilly hand ?
 Will *Madan* say he can thy plaudits claim ?
 Or *Footie*, while stabbing lovely Kingston's fame ?
 Do lawn-wrapt Bishops own thy sov'reign sway ?
 Indeed I'd rather trust my honest *Tray*.
 What shall I say then of this *thing* call'd Man ?
 Hold, hold ! I'll leave his works for *God* to scan.

AMATOR CHARITATIS.

SONGS in the revived Comedy of Eastward Ho.

ACT I. Sung by Mrs. Wroughton.

WHILE you in most pathetic strain,
 Of ill-requited love complain,
 Your fate I thus deplore ;
 If lovers could on pity live,
 That alms with liberal hand I'd give,
 But, *Damon*, ask no more.

ACT II. Sung by Mr. Dodd.

I was a 'prentice yesterday,
 But now I've quitted sorrow,
 I'll never work, but ever play,
 Make every hour a holiday,
 And never think of to-morrow.

ACT III. Sung by Mr. Bannister and others:

Push the jovial bowl about,
 Ere we part, we'll see it out,
 And wit and mirth shall reign, boys ;
 Many cares we all may know,
 And many hardships undergo,
 Before we meet again, boys.

CHORUS.

Yet hand in hand,
 By sea or land,
 When met we'll sing and roar ;
 And lest our joy
 Dull thoughts destroy,
 We'll laugh, and think no more,

II.

North, or south, or east, or west,
 We'll have liquor of the best ;
 For wheresoe'er we're bound, boys,
 In the bowl our joy shall swim,
 And while we fill it to the brim,
 They ne'er can run a-ground, boys.

Chorus. Yet hand in hand, &c.

III.

Life is like the present hour,
 Mark'd with blended sweet and four,
 Our time flies swift along, boys ;
 Like a bowl of punch is man,
 And now discover, if you can,
 The moral of my song, boys.

Chorus. Yet hand in hand, &c.

The Countryman's Description of London.

An AIR, from the Opera of MAY-DAY.

Sung by Mr. Bannister.

WHAT's a poor simple clown
 To do in the town ?
 Of their freaks and vagaries I'll none ;
 The folks I saw there,
 Two faces did wear,
 An honest man ne'er has but one.
 Let others to London go roam,
 I love my neighbour,
 To sing and to labour,
 To me there is nothing like country and home.

Nay, the ladies, I vow,
 I cannot tell how,
 Were now white as a curd, and now red ;
 La ! how would you stare,
 At their huge crop of hair !
 'Tis a hay-cock o'top of their head.

Let others to London, &c.

Then 'tis so dizen'd out,
 And with trinkets about,
 With ribbands and slippers between ;
 They so noddle and tofs,
 Just like a fore-horfe
 With tiffels and bells in a team.

Let others to London, &c.

Then the fops are so fine,
With a lank-waisted chine,
And a little skim bit of a hat;
Which from sun, wind, and rain,
Will not shelter their brain,
Tho' there's no need to take care of that.

Let others to London, &c.

Would you these creatures ape,
In looks and in shape,
Teach a calf on his hind-legs to go;
Let him waddle in gait,
A skim-dish on his pate,
And he'll look all the world like a beau.

Let others to London, &c.

To keep my brains right,
My bones whole and tight,
To speak, nor to look, would I dare;
As they bake they shall brew,
Old Nick and his crew,
At London keep Vanity Fair.

Let others to London go roam,
I love my neighbour,
To sing and to labour,
To me there is nothing like country and home.

—♦♦♦♦♦—
*Favourite SONGS in the DUENNA, or the
DOUBLE ELOPEMENT.*

SONG. ANTHONIO. *Mr. Du-Bellamy.*

I NE'ER could any lustre see
In eyes that would not look on me:
I ne'er saw nectar on a lip,
But where my own did hope to sip.
Has the maid who seeks my heart
Cheeks of rose untouch'd by art?—
I will own the colour true,
When yielding blushes aid their hue.

Is her hand so soft and pure?
I must press it, to be sure:
Nor can I e'en be certain then,
'Till it grateful presses again.
Must I with attentive eye
Watch her heaving bosom sigh;
I will do so—when I see
That heaving bosom sigh for me.

R O N D E A U. ANTHONIO.

Mr. Du-Bellamy.

Friendship is the bond of reason,
But, if beauty disapprove,
Heav'n absolves all other treason
In the heart that's true to love.
The faith which to my friend I swore,
As a civil oath I view:
But to the charms which I adore
'Tis religion to be true.
Then if to one I false must be,
Can I doubt which to prefer—
A breach of social faith with thee,
Or sacrilege to love and her?

—♦♦♦♦♦—
The MISER: An EPIGRAM.

IRON is his chest, iron is his door;
Iron is his hand, and his heart is more.

For the MONTHLY MISCELLANY.

E P I T A P H

To the memory of
Miss TITTY TOWZEY,
A female
Of dingey birth, but of life truly spotless:
Her internal qualities
Were humble, chaste, and gentle;
Her outward carriage
Unaffected, affable, and endearing:
Her tongue
Never spoke the words of slander,
Nor, maliciously envious,
Presum'd to blast the opening flower of beauty.
Gentle Reader!
Be not surpriz'd to find these virtues
In a female form;
For this departed fair one
Was not a Woman,
But
A C A T!

O Death! cou'd not a less delicious bit,
Suffice thy cursed maw, than gentle TIT?
Ye mighty heroes of the whisker'd race,
Who long'd in vain for Titty's fond embrace,
Who pin'd in secret for her velvet skin,
And the ten thousand beauties lodg'd within,
Mourn all in concert, give eternal vent
To squalling sorrows, and a loud lament,
With din responsive scream around her hearse,
And own the truth of this complaining verse:
"Sooner shall mice the flying cats pursue,
"Than we behold a puss so fair as you!"

—♦♦♦♦♦—
*To the Memory of Lord GLENCAIRNE, who
died in September 1775, of an advanced age.
He was a brave soldier, an honest man, and
a jolly compound of Mars and Bacchus.*

Written by Capt. Edward Thompson.

HERE rests from his bottle—his friends,
and the wars,
A vot'ry to Venus, to Bacchus, and Mars;
But when once cross'd the Styx he will never
come back,
If Falstaff holds out a brisk flagon of sack;
Of him we may say, which of few we can sing,
He was jocund and honest, and true to his king.

—♦♦♦♦♦—
On seeing a MUSICAL JACK.

HERE's meat and music join'd in motion,
See how charmingly they roll!
Ingenuously I love the notion—
'Tis good for body and for soul.

The very meat, with music roasted,
Cannot fail the heart to cheer;
Especially when healths are toated
With some stout and wholesome beer.

Then dull and dumpy melancholy
Far from every heart will fly,
And hypochondriac stupid folly
Be condemn'd and forc'd to die.

Then manliest wit, and cheerful mirth,
Shall take possession of the heart;
Drive carping care, with dunces forth,
And beautify the better part.

MONTHLY REGISTER of OCCURRENCES.

IRISH HOUSE OF COMMONS.

ON Thursday, Nov. 3, Sir John Blaquiere presented to the House a message from his Excellency, signifying that "he had his Majesty's commands to acquaint the House, that as the present exigency of affairs required sending an additional number of troops to America, he had the firmest reliance on the loyalty of his faithful Commons of Ireland, to admit his sending abroad a number of troops on this establishment, not exceeding 4000 men, which shall no longer continue a charge on this kingdom, but be immediately, on their leaving the same, in the pay of Great-Britain.

"And to shew his Majesty's gracious regard for the safety and defence of this kingdom, if the parliament shall desire it, he will replace the said 4000 men with an equal number of foreign protestants (subjects of the Prince of Brunswick and the Prince of Hesse Cassel) to be continued here, 'in the pay of Great Britain, as soon as his Majesty shall be enabled to send them, by his Parliament of Ireland.'

Nov. 25. The House was called over, and resolved into a committee to take into consideration his Excellency's message, and the instruction to consider on the best mode of defence for this kingdom. Mr. Malone in the chair.

Sir Archibald Acheson rose, and made many eulogiums on his Majesty, whom, he said, we ought to look upon as the father of a much-favoured people, and then proposed to offer two resolutions, in substance as follows:

"1. Resolved, that it is the opinion of this committee, that in the present exigency of affairs, a number of troops, not exceeding four thousand, out of the number of twelve thousand, voted as necessary to be kept in Ireland for the defence thereof, be spared for his Majesty's service abroad, provided that from their quitting this kingdom, they shall be of no charge to the nation."

"2. Resolved, that it is the opinion of this committee, that a number of foreign Protestant troops, not exceeding four thousand, be received into this kingdom to replace the like number sent abroad, for the security and defence thereof, provided they shall be of no charge to the nation."

Sir Archibald moved the committee to agree to the first of these resolutions, and was seconded by Colonel Ross, who observed, that this measure would be a saving to the nation of 8,000*l.* a year.

Mr. Hellen said, the message was the most respectful that ever came from a sovereign to his people. That it confirmed and allowed the compact for keeping 12,000 men here at all times, and that it should not be violated by withdrawing one of those men, without the concurrence of parliament; and was a pledge, that the men requested of the House, would be returned to the nation as soon as the exigency shall cease.

Mr. Ponsonby allowed that we ought to support Great-Britain if it can be done with justice, prudence, and humanity; but was totally against the measure of admitting foreign troops into Ireland.

Sir Edward Newenham said, if the motion was agreed to, we might bid farewell to such troops as we sent to America; for that if America was conquered, the troops would be kept to preserve that conquest; for though it might be conquered, the spirit of liberty would never be subdued. He was violently against the introduction of foreign mercenaries, and argued that the introduction of them had occasioned the fall of many great empires and states. He insisted upon it, that German influence was so powerful in the cabinet of Great Britain, that the most valuable interests of these kingdoms would be given up to save the paltry electorate of Hanover. He advised the minister to consider what riots and disorders would be committed in the city of Dublin, if foreign mercenaries were quartered in it.

Mr. Gardiner heartily wished a reconciliation might take place; but that could only be effected by having a power to enforce it. The greater force sent to America, the less sanguinary will be the measure; and, he was clearly of opinion, had there been as many more troops in America last spring as there will be the next, not a sword would now have been unsheathed. It is our duty and our interest to assist Great Britain if we can; but we cannot spare so many men from the defence of this country, if they are not somehow replaced. The disposition of the nations around us forbid us to leave Ireland defenceless; and if these troops went away without being replaced, we should be defenceless. By the most accurate accounts, there were but 8,000 real fighting men in Ireland; and if a fourth part of them were sent abroad, he would ask the Right Hon. gentleman (Sir John Blaquiere) or he would ask the commander in chief (if he were in the house) whether either would undertake the defence of this kingdom with the remainder, without any addition. He did not conceive there could be more danger from foreign troops than natives; they were unacquainted with our language, and unconnected with our people, and therefore less liable to desertion. He also thought, the saving from this measure was of great importance; nevertheless, on a division, he voted against the question.

Mr. George Ogilvie said, he was averse to send men, with swords in their hands, to cut the throats of their American brethren.—That the ample supplies given by this exhausted and struggling country were sufficient testimonies of our loyalty; and it was highly improper to send men to punish in others what they would do in the same case. This measure was doubtless determined on the very first day of the session; and that was the cause why the compact

L O N D O N.

part of keeping twelve thousand men here was so strictly observed. The foreign troops cannot be called our own troops, if we do not pay them; they will fight for those only who do. A land tax will probably be attempted here; and if it does not succeed (as certainly it cannot) then it will be laid on by the British parliament, and the foreign troops left here to enforce obedience. Whilst parliament here will do all that is absurd, we shall no doubt have a parliament just as the Romans had a Senate in the time of the Emperors, only to give a sanction to the Emperor's dictates. He was, he said, alarmed by the manner in which the two resolutions were treated by administration. The first was the measure of government, and as such was supported—the last was the measure of parliament, and as such was slighted by administration; just as if they had said, 'Grant us the four thousand men, and then take care for your own defence as you please.' If men must be sent to America, send these foreign mercenaries, not the brave sons of Ireland. Gentlemen have said, ministers must have power to enforce conciliation; but we know few ministers who have power to force, will attend to the voice of justice; they will act as Brennus, the Gaul, did with the vanquished Romans, he weighed the tribute money he exacted from them, and threw his sword into the opposite scale. But if these men must go, why must we have foreign troops for our defence? Why not raise the militia? They are our natural, our constitutional defence, and the raising them is practicable.

Capt. Jephson observed, we have no reason to be so tender of the Americans, who had treated us ill; they resolved in their congress to receive no commodities from, nor have any commerce with Ireland; and this declaration not only sets us at defiance, but fully proves they don't think us so invaluable as to take their parts.

Mr. Huxley Burgh said, it was his advice not to vote a single sword against America, without an address to accompany it, recommending conciliatory measures: That he foresaw the consequences of this war; and that if the ministry were victorious, it would be only establishing a right to the harvest, when they had burned the grain; it would be only establishing a right to the stream when they had cut off the fountain.

Many other gentlemen spoke in this interesting debate; and on the question being put, "that 4000 troops out of 12000, voted to remain in Ireland as a security, should be spared for his Majesty's service abroad, provided that they should be no charge to them after quitting the kingdom," the numbers were,

For the motion,	121
Against it,	76

Majority	45
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Nov. 27. The committee of the whole house sat till half past eleven, on the question of admitting 4000 Hessian and Brunswick troops, when at length the committee divided,

Ayes for admitting the troops,	68
Noes,	106

Majority against the foreign troops,	38
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The affair of the Duchess of Kingston, which has so long engaged the public attention, seems now drawing to a crisis. The following proceedings of the House of Lords on the 26th of November, will enable our readers to judge how this business will end.

Lord Mansfield opened the business by observing, that an indictment had been found by the grand jury for Middlesex, against Elizabeth Duchess Dowager of Kingston; that a copy of that indictment, together with the *certiorari*, had been laid before their Lordships agreeable to order. The agent for the prosecution had been asked, "Whether he was apprised of the existence of a sentence obtained from the ecclesiastical court?" He had answered affirmatively, "That he was apprised of the existence of such a sentence, but nevertheless he meant to pursue the indictment."

Such being the intention of the prosecution, it remained with their Lordships to settle only the time and place of trial. This was a matter entirely within their own jurisdiction; their Lordships possessed the rights of adjusting every formality necessary to the trial of Peers, and they were competent to the exercise of that right in a manner most suitable to their own ideas. The King and Peers of the realm formed a court of judicature altogether consonant with the spirit of the constitution; but, whether the trial of a Peer was carried on in the parliament chamber, in Westminster-hall, a church, or any other spacious building, was altogether immaterial; immemorial usage had vested the choice of place and time in their Lordships' breasts. If the trial of the lady whose indictment had given rise to this deliberation should be fixed in the House, the Lord High Steward would act only in the capacity of speaker, the interrogatories must be propounded through him, but he would have, in other respects, no authority whatsoever; he would give his single voice like any other Peer.

The ascertainment of time and selection of place being thus within the power of their Lordships, it remained only to state the species of crime alledged against the lady, the better to guide their Lordships in their judgment on the occasion.

There were crimes for which (if on their arraignment Peers were found guilty) the Legislature had denounced terrible punishments. Their lives were forfeited to public justice; their noble blood was corrupted; their estates were either alienated by forfeiture to the Crown, or they escheated to the parties, of whom they had been held. Such were the punishments inflicted on Peers, whose offences were of the capital kind. For the trial of such offenders, too public, too awful, too ceremonious a mode could hardly be adopted. For the sake of example, this was necessary;

necessary; for the sake of terror, it was perhaps useful. But with respect to the case before their Lordships, it was a charge, not of Bigamy but Polygamy; it was a clergyable offence. The indictment was instituted, not really at the suit of the Crown: it was the prosecution of private individuals. There were offences of a public nature, of which the Attorney General, as an officer of the King, and of the public, had a right to take cognizance. He might exercise his discretionary judgment, in determining what should and what should not be subjected to a judicial tribunal. This would not apply to the case before their Lordships. The Attorney General had not, in virtue of his office, taken cognizance of the supposed offence. It came simply before their Lordships as a matter, altho' of a criminal complexion, yet entirely of a civil nature. It was connected with other disputes about property. The indictment was to be pursued in defiance of the sentence obtained out of the ecclesiastical court, which sentence to this hour remained in full force; no attempts had been made to invalidate the sentence; nor had the decree affirmed by the Court of Chancery, grounded on that sentence, been yet appealed from. This should seem as if the lady's opponents were too conscious of the force of the sentence to attempt an invalidation.—They might be justified in this apprehension, for the noble Speaker had himself determined a case, wherein a gentleman of the same family with the Earl of Bristol [the late Thomas Hervey] was convicted: it appearing by a sentence of the Ecclesiastical Court, that he had been married to a lady who claimed him as her husband, a verdict had been given on the ground of that sentence.

There was a still stronger case to evince the validity of ecclesiastical sentences. A man had been tried for the forgery of a will. The forgery was clearly proved, but a probate of the will was exhibited and allowed to be a sufficient bar to conviction. These cases operated strongly. They operated, not only to shew that the trial, so far from being as public, should be as private as possible, but they gave rise to this objection,

"Whether, in point of justice, there should be any trial at all?"

A Peeress of England was to be tried by her Peers. The curiosity of Europe would be excited. Admitting her to be convicted, "*cui bono?*" What good would result to the public? What advantage would accrue to the prosecutors? Her conviction would not in the smallest degree affect any civil suits now pending, or that might hereafter be instituted against this lady. And, as to the public at large, would her conviction operate as an example? By no means, for no punishment could be inflicted on her. Say that she was arraigned at the bar of that House. Well! The ecclesiastical sentence would be exhibited in defence, and perhaps

put an entire stop to the trial. Admitting, however, that this was not the case; suppose the lady found guilty. What then? "Why then she makes your Lordships a courtesy, you return the compliment with a bow." There is, to be sure, for clergyable felonies such a thing as burning in the hand. To the hand of a lady this might be very disagreeable; but there happens to be an act of parliament which will not permit Peers to suffer corporal punishment for any thing under a capital crime. The lady therefore pleads her Peerage, and takes her leave.

Can there be no forfeiture? Yes, of the personal effects. But if the lady should be convicted, the Earl of Bristol has a claim to her personal effects; and, as he has formally renounced all title to the lady, he will scarcely contradict himself, by laying claim to effects which can be his only in virtue of marriage. The prosecutors therefore cannot acquire the smallest advantage from the conviction.

This being an exact state of facts, the trial neither being attended immediately with any service to the public, nor eventually with any advantage to the prosecutors, if nevertheless, there was yet to be a trial, the more privately it was conducted, the more prudent would be the measure. His Lordship would not move to have the trial waved. There were several modes of effecting that purpose. A *Noli prosequi* was sometimes obtained by an authorization under the sign manual: sometimes the secretaries of state directed the measure. In the case before their Lordships, the House might be moved to address his Majesty, "That he would be graciously pleased to give directions to the proper officer to grant a *Noli prosequi*." His Lordship did not intend to move for such an address; he threw the measure out only as matter for future consideration. For the present, he should submit the following motion to the consideration of the Peers, viz.

"That an indictment having been found by the grand jury of Middlesex against Elizabeth (calling herself the Duchess dowager or Kington, but indicted by the name of Elizabeth, wife of the Hon. Augustus John Hervey, now Earl of Bristol, and one of the Peers of this realm)

"Moved, That the said Elizabeth be tried at the bar of this House on Monday the 18th of December next, at eleven o'clock in the forenoon, and that all the Judges be ordered to give their attendance."

This motion passing, several others, relative to modes and regulations to be observed during the trial, were entered on the minutes of the House, and here the business must rest till the time of trial.

Advices from Bonn, (in the electorate of Cologne, in Germany) say, "This has been such a year of plenty as has not been in the memory of man. The harvest of every kind

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has yielded beyond expectation; and the vintage, in quantity and quality, has exceeded that of 1766. On the *Moselle* they were obliged to order that no cyder should be made this year, there not being a sufficient number of casks for the wine. The vintage has also been very plentiful on the Mayn and the Rhine.—*London Gazette*.

Nov. 7. The Judges determined that it was strictly consonant to law for Mrs. Rudd to take her trial. The Chief Justice of the Court of Common Pleas was not well enough to attend, but afterwards gave his opinion with the majority of the Judges. And the only Judges who were of opinion the ought not to be tried, were, Mr. Justice Gould and Mr. Justice Nares.

The Poems for Seaton's prize, at Cambridge, for 1774 and 1775, both of which had for their subject Duelling, were adjudged to Charles Peter Layard, M. A. of St. John's College, and Samuel Hayes, M. A. of Trinity College.

9. The new and old Lord-Mayors went in procession by water to Westminster, where the former was sworn before the Barons of the Exchequer into his office; after which they took water, landed at Black-Friars Bridge, and proceeded through the city to Guildhall. The Lord-Mayor's coach was drawn by six fine grey horses, decorated with blue and pink ribbons, preceded by six footmen in blue liveries embroidered with silver lace.

The dress and retinue of the Lady Mayors exceeded any which ever appeared on the like occasion. She was preceded by six footmen in blue, faced with white, and richly trimmed with silver; and her chair was elegantly ornamented with clasps and mouldings of solid silver.

The Duke of Richmond, Marquis of Rockingham, Earl of Effingham, and great numbers of the minority Members in both Houses of Parliament were present at the dinner at Guildhall; but none of the Judges, nor any of the Officers of State; and not more than two or three Aldermen besides the Sheriffs.

About nine the ball was opened by the Lady Mayors and the Marquis of Granby, and the dancing continued till near 1 o'clock, when the whole company departed.

Calais, Nov. 15. The *Cranbrook*, of London, burthen 500 tons, Charles Suttie, master, laden with cloth, bales, and sundry other merchandize, bound for Jamaica, having been wrecked about 8 o'clock yesterday morning, on the Goodwin Sands off Deal, Mr. Suttie, with four others, betook themselves to the pinnace, whilst the rest of the crew and the passengers got into the long-boat; which last was, between 3 and 4 in the afternoon, yesterday, driven ashore on the coast of Sangatte, off Fort Lapin, having on board thirty persons, mariners and passengers: As soon as the people on shore discovered the

long boat in the Road, driving at the mercy of the winds and waves, they flocked to the coast, in order to be ready to give immediate assistance to the unfortunate people; and by their diligence and activity most of the persons were saved, after having been exposed for six hours to the violence of the storm.

Monsieur Porquet, the Commissary of the Marine at this port, attended by a surgeon, with the greatest humanity, afforded all possible assistance to the unhappy sufferers; and, by the use of proper methods, a sailor and a negro, who were taken up with little signs of life, were with great difficulty perfectly recovered. This morning the bodies of Mrs. White, and her negro woman servant, were found on the shore.—The greatest humanity and tenderness were shewn by Mons. Porquet, the physicians, surgeons, and the inhabitants in general, to these unfortunate people.—The following is a list of the Crew and Passengers of the *Cranbrook*:

Crew. Peter Adken, John Taller, mates; Mr. Smith, surgeon; Wm. Cooley, John Lawrence, John Brown, David Anderson, Joseph Johnson, John Dale, Daniel Smith, John Wilson, Wm. Lonals, Nicholas Boyton, Anthony Jenkins, John Miller, mariners; the Captain's negro; Gordon Davidson, quartermaster; John Mill, cabin boy; Anthony Coq, Le Sieur Jousfon, a passenger. The four last are missing, supposed to be drowned.

Passengers. Miss Eliz. Darke; Miss Ann Porter; Mrs. Scott, with two women servants, one of them a black; George Greenwollers; Wm. Wood; Mrs. White, and her negro woman servant, found dead on the shore; William, a negro boy, belonging to Mrs. Scott, died about half an hour after he was brought on shore.

The five following persons, who got into the pinnace, have not been heard of: Mr. Charles Suttie, the master; Tho. Braz, pilot; John Deard, boatswain; Wm. Aldrich, carpenter; George Sumeltrome, mariner.

N. B. The above list, being copied from a French account, possibly the names may not be accurately spelt.—*London Gazette*.

The following account of the behaviour of Capt. Suttie, of the *Cranbrook* West-Indiaman, is given by a lady who was one of the passengers that escaped in the long-boat.—When his vessel struck, the fore part of her soon buried itself in the sands, whilst the aft part was raised to a considerable height, where all retired to of course for their preservation, however short it might be. In this dreadful confusion and terror, every face on board described the horrors of an approaching death, but Capt. Suttie, who never once seemed to change countenance, but with a steady composure spoke comfort to all around, and especially his passengers, the ladies, whom he took the most care of, handed and placed them in the long-boat before he would suffer any one else to go into it, and then he went in himself, when all the ship's crew were following him, which he opposed, saying they would sink the boat; but

now

now all command being over, they swore they would come in, for their lives were as dear to them as his to him. The captain then asked if any of them would come with him into the pinnace, (the small boat) which lay next to the long-boat, and some answered they would, when the humane, gallant captain jumped into the pinnace, and four of the crew (above-mentioned) followed him, who were all drowned on the French shore, the pinnace being turned keel upwards by the violence of the surge. The poor captain was thrown on the beach, near Calais; where, tho' stripped naked, he was hardly cold when some of the French Admiralty came to view the body, which lay guarded by his dog, who swam to shore with his master, and never forsook the body till he was buried. Captain Suttie was brother to Sir Geo. Suttie, member for Haddingtonshire in Scotland.

The damage that has been sustained by the shipping in almost every quarter of the globe by the dreadful storms during the last six weeks, is almost incredible. Every day's newspaper has produced new lists of ships totally lost, with all their crews; and it is computed that upwards of 3000 persons have perished in different shipwrecks. At Liverpool houses were unroofed, chimneys thrown down, small craft sunk in the river, and no less than 15 ships driven on shore, or bulged against the rocks, and most of their crews perished. The number of these unfortunate accidents on the English coasts have been amazingly great; but are by no means equal to those on the coasts of France, Holland, and Flanders. The passage between this kingdom and Ireland has proved the tomb of many respectable persons and families, and amongst others of the following noble persons, the story of whose melancholy fate is equally singular and affecting.

On the morning of the 16th of October last, Major Caulfield and family arrived at Parkgate, and as the Major had a charge of money about him (no less than 22,000 guineas) he was willing to be in Dublin to a day. He accordingly enquired for Captain Davis, master of one of the traders, and found him on the beach making observations on the weather. He told his impatience to Davis, and pressed him to sail directly. Davis said, if he was not much mistaken, there was a storm gathering that would make it to the last degree dangerous; but that as Captain Tottie, the master of the other trader, was just going to make the same voyage, and had been above thirty years on that service, he would be governed by him. The Major and he went directly in quest of Tottie, who acquiesced in opinion with Davis. On this the Major left them, but it clearing up a little towards night, he again went in quest of the Captains, whom he found drinking together at a public-house. Here the Major again pressed them to go out, and even rallied them on their timidity to much, that Capt. Tottie replied, *Don't it, Devil, you and I have braved more than this; let's indulge him.*—The passengers were instantly summoned,

and so pressing on his fate was the Major, that he went round himself to several of the lodgings of the passengers, left they should be gone to bed. They set sail about eleven o'clock that night, and were three several times drove back to Parkgate, when the wind springing up somewhat favourable, they put to sea the fourth time, and were never since heard of other than by a boat belonging to the Nonpareil being driven on shore, with some moveables belonging to the Major, and his dog, who was dead, which too strongly corroborated their unhappy fate. The conjectural account is, that they ran foul of each other at sea, as two vessels (supposed to be these) were afterwards discovered by one of the Dublin yachts at a great distance, which in a moment disappeared.—Major Caulfield was brother and presumptive heir to Lord Charlemount, and married Mary the only child of the Right Hon. Lord Eyre, of Eyre-court, in the kingdom of Ireland. He left London to attend the Irish Parliament (of which he was a member) accompanied by his Lady, Miss Caulfield, his eldest daughter, and an infant girl of three years of age. Miss Matthews, a young lady who had been particularly pleasing to Mrs. Caulfield, was persuaded by her to leave a near relation of Mr. Caulfield's, with whom she lived in every respect as her daughter, and with whom she had been from a child, having very early lost her parents. Four servants, viz. Mrs. Caulfield's woman and Mr. Caulfield's man, (who were married to each other) a coachman and a footman, all sailed in the Nonpareil. They left London in health and spirits; had made every preparation for the gaiety of a parliament winter, but are lost for ever. Major Caulfield left an only son, at an academy near London, and an only daughter, who resides with her grandfather and grandmother in Ireland. There were besides on board the above vessels, S. and R. French, esqrs. of French-park; Capt. Elliot; Capt. Sleen, his wife and child; Capt. Duffield; Col. Forbes; the three Miss Farans; several young Templars; two foreigners, and several other persons.

At Polyhead the destruction was greater than ever was remembered by the oldest man living. No less than five ships were wrecked within a few miles of the harbour. A large Swedish brig went to pieces, and all the crew perished. The Friendship, from Dublin to Bourdeaux, wrecked, the captain and three men saved, the rest of the crew with 16 passengers drowned, among whom were Alderman Forbes, of Dublin; Mrs. Farrel, her son, and three daughters; Mr. Byrne, a Bourdeaux merchant, &c. A brig from Lancaster to Hamburg, lost; a sloop foundered at her anchors in the bay; several small craft sunk, and a large Dutch ship, supposed from Rotterdam, and every foul perished; in short, the scene, when the storm was over, was the most melancholy ever beheld.

From the North of Scotland, the accounts are equally deplorable; pieces of wreck and dead bodies being hourly seen floating on the waves.

Nov. 12. This night, about 7 o'clock, four villains got into the house of a baker, in Winchester-street, by means of a pick-lock key; but the house being attempted for several Sundays past, nearly about the same hour, a proper guard was kept, and the robbers had hardly entered, when the foremost of them received a shot in the head, which killed him on the spot. The others made their escape immediately. On examination of the body of the ruffian who was shot, he appeared to have received one wound in his breast, and two on the back of his head, which broke the skull; which last are supposed to be given him by his own gang. He proved to be the notorious George Armstrong, transported about two years since with his brother, for breaking into the East-India company's warehouses, and stealing a great number of pieces of muslin, &c.

17. At a Court of Common-Council it was resolved, That the sum of 130l. be paid out of the chamber of this city to the Right Hon. John Sawbridge, Esq; Lord Mayor, in lieu and in compensation of the profits arising from the sessions paper.

Resolved, That the proceedings at the sessions of oyer and terminer, and gaol delivery of Newgate, for the city of London and Middlesex, be published by the recorder, and authenticated with his name.

The Court voted John Wilkes, Esq; the late Lord-Mayor, 100l. to be sent him, for the care he has taken of the plate, furniture, &c. at the Mansion-house.

21. At the first court of Lord Mayor, &c. held this day, The court doth return thanks to the Right Hon. John Wilkes, late Lord Mayor, for his indefatigable attention to the several duties of that important office; for the particular regard and politeness which he has been pleased at all times to shew the members of this court; for his wife, upright, and impartial administration of justice; for his diligence on all occasions, to promote the welfare and true interest of this city; and his unblemished conduct, and exemplary behaviour, during the whole course of his mayoralty.

23. Capt. Roche was brought into his Majesty's Court of King's Bench by a writ of Habeas Corpus, and admitted to bail; the Captain in 800l. and four sureties in 200l. each.

At Lisbon, an Italian, a native of Genoa, named John Baptist Pele, was drawn in quarters by four horses, after having his hands chopped off, and afterwards burnt to ashes, for having plotted the death of the Marquis of Pombal. It is said he denied the fact to the last, and though he suffered the ordinary and extraordinary tortures, yet from the beginning to his dying moments uttered not a groan.

Extract of a Letter from Rome, Nov. 1.

"The Pope has lately given a striking example of toleration, with regard to religion. As he was going along, according to

his usual custom, to St. Peter's church, to pray, he perceived a young man copying, with great attention, an altar piece. The Holy Father stopt, fixed his eyes on him without interrupting him, and took delight in viewing the young man's work, of which he conceived an advantageous idea in proportion as the work advanced. The sovereign pontiff, by approaching still nearer, diverted the attention of the painter. The latter had not yet seen much of the work; he thought that an heretic found in a church at Rome, ran the risk of being at least punished, as a Christian caught in a mosque is at Constantinople; struck with dread at the idea he fainted away at the Pope's feet, who immediately called for assistance; some persons came in all haste, and brought the young stranger to himself. "My friend (said the Holy Father to him) I am charmed to see you possess such dispositions for drawing; you do well to copy good pieces; your drawing is very bold and correct; I will get you received among the young pupils that are taught here at my expense." "Ah! Holy Father, (replied the young man in a faltering tone) I am a Protestant." "A Protestant! (answered his Holiness) I would rather you were a Catholic; but there are great painters among the Protestants; religion has nothing to do with painting; I shall take care to procure you all the necessary help, in order to render you perfect in your art."—The Pope has kept his word, without requiring the young artist to change his religion; he has even ordered that no steps be taken to incline him to change it."

The following is said to be a short but true account of the state of affairs in America:

In the Carolinas, both the Governors driven away, because they were tampering with the Indians, and endeavouring to raise the people in the back country; and because the next troops from Europe are to be sent there, which the Carolinians knew 3 months ago.

Virginia and Maryland prepared for the worst.

Philadelphia resolved to take an active part. New-York has driven the Governor (Tryon) on board the packet.

The fate of Boston, in all probability, was decided last month; and the particulars may be expected here about Christmas.

CANTERBURY, Nov. 17. The Prince of Wales's third regiment of Dragoon Guards, now quartered here, have met with great success in recruiting, and it is supposed they will be completed very early in the spring. They are to be armed with sabres and rifle-barrel'd fuses. The sabre is of a very peculiar construction, said to be the invention of a Prussian hussar. The officers and men are indefatigable, being out three or four hours every day practising with a single ball at a target; so that the Rebels will probably meet with better marksmen than themselves. They are to go to America with Burgoyne's and the 6th dragons as soon as complete.

Nothing has tended more to shew the sense of the nation, upon the subject of the dispute with the colonies, than the general contributions to the "Subscription, for the relief of his Majesty's soldiers in America, and for the widows and orphans of those who may fall in that service." Upwards of 12000l. have already been received, and it is daily an encreasing fund. This scheme, which was set on foot by Mr. Alderman Harley, reflects the highest honour on the humanity of his character.

List of the Addresses and Petitions presented to his Majesty for and against the Measures now carrying on against the Americans.

FOR the MEASURES.

NOBLEMEN, Sheriffs, Freeholders, Gentlemen, and Clergy of the Counties & Shires of Carmarthen, Lancaster, Berks, Hereford, Fife, Stirling, Forfar, Kent, Cambridge, Surry.

Mayor, Aldermen, Burgesses, and principal Inhabitants of Chester, Windsor, Colchester, Oxford, Plymouth, Hereford, South Molton, Maidenhead, Lymington, Rye, Huntingdon.

Chancellor, Master, and Scholars of the University of Cambridge.

Provost, Magistrates, & Town Council, of the Burghs of Stirling, Dundee, Aberdeen, Linlithgow, Inverkeithing and Culroisi, Dumbarton, Renfrew, Kircudbright, Annan, Aberbrothock, Dumfries, Haddington, Burntisland, Kirkcaldy, Paisley, Brechin, St. Andrews, Leith, Aberdeen, Fortrose, Nairn, Inverness, Forfar.

Corporation and inhabitants of Arundel in Suffex, Barnstable, Bridgewater, Abingdon, Haverfordwest, Bevedley, Cambridge, Axbridge.

Balliffs and Citizens of Litchfield, Andover, Cirencester.

Justices of the Peace, Freeholders, and Commissioners of Supply of the Shires of Dumfries, Lanark, Haddington, Kinross, Perth, Renfrew, Berwick, Clackmannan, Kircudbright, Nairn.

Gentlemen, Clergy, Merchants, Freeholders, and principal Inhabitants of Leeds and its Neighbourhood, borough of Southwark, Perth, Newcastle upon Tyne, Wigan.

Lieutenant-Governor, Balliffs, Jurors, Dean and Clergy, &c. of the Island of Guernsey.

Bishop and Clergy of the Isle of Man.

House of Keys, representing the Isle of Man.

High Sheriff and Grand Jury of the County of Dublin.

AGAINST the MEASURES.

Gentlemen, Merchants, and Manufacturers, of Leeds, Halifax, Poole, Southampton, Worcester, Borough of Southwark, [Westbury, Warrminster, and Trocubridge,] Wallingford and Abingdon, Great Yarmouth, Winchester.

The Gentlemen, Clergy, and Freeholders, of Berks, signed by 840 persons.

[* The petition from Westbury, &c. was addressed to the House of Commons, and read and presented by Mr. Burke.]

BIRTHS.

The Lady of Sir Stanier Porten, of a son. The Lady of Lord Viscount Beauchamp, of a son. The Lady of Philip Lutwich, esq; of a son. The Lady of Lord Hinchinbroke, of a daughter. The Lady of Lord Paget, of a son. The Lady of Charles Pye, Esq; of a daughter. At Bath, the lady of Rose Hering May, esq; of a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

In Ireland, the Duke of Leinster, to the Hon. Miss St. George, daughter of the late Right Hon. Lord St. George. At Talgarth in Breconshire, Mr. John Price, attorney, to Miss Elizabeth Weare, of Hereford. George Rigby, esq; merchant of London, to Mrs. Dupney, a widow lady of St. Kitt's. Robert Stevenson, esq; to Miss Cockburn, of Brentford. Edw. Gould, esq; an officer in the 4th regiment of foot, to Lady Barbara Yelverton, only child of the Earl of Suffex. George Henry Bacon, esq; of Lincoln, to Miss West, of Queen-street, May-fair. Rev. Wm. Bingham, to Miss Dorrien, of West Ham, Essex. Rev. Dr. Bailey, sub-dean of his Majesty's chapel royal, to Mrs. Moore, a lady of large fortune. John White, esq; to Miss Mary Heathcote, sister of Sir Gilbert Heathcote, Bart. William Roe, esq; to Miss Thomas, daughter of Sir Wm. Thomas, Bart. At Aberdeen, Sir Wm. Seton, of Pitmedden, Bart. to Miss Margaret Ligertwood, of Littery. Thomas Lloyd, esq; of Gray's-inn, to Miss Mary Whitworth, third daughter of Sir Charles Whitworth. Tho. Hufsey, of Fisherton, esq; to Miss Wansborough, of Mad-dington, Wilts. Wm. Barnes, esq; son of Alderman Barnes, of Redland, to Miss Newnham, only daughter of Samuel Newnham, esq; banker of Bristol. Mr. Robert Haynes, woollen-draper, to Miss Williams, daughter of Mr. Rowland Williams, sugar-baker, of Bristol. Rich. Bingham, of Bingham's Malcolm, Dorset, esq; to Miss Ridout, daughter of Robert Ridout, esq; of Daynes Layes, near Blandford. James Turner, esq; of Town-Malling, to Miss Eliz. Watson, of Lombard-street. Rev. Francis Woodford, rector of Ansford, to Miss Clarke, daughter of the late Mr. Clarke, surgeon. Rev. Nelthorpe Wade, late of St. Peter's college, Cambridge, to Miss Slade, of Pennard, Somerset. At Chippenham, James Land, esq; of Langley-Burrell, to Miss Clarke. Thomas Hunt, esq; merchant of London, to Miss Tomkyns, of Bath. Mr. John Plucknett, of the Inner-Temple, to Miss Esther Heaven, niece to Mr. Cyde, master of the old rooms at Bath. Mr. Brockfopp, merchant, of London, to Miss Ann Shuttleworth, daughter of the Rev. Mr. Shuttleworth, of Weymouth. The Rev. Dr. Musgrave, vicar of Barking, brother to Sir Philip Musgrave, Bart. to Mrs. Parfett, of Hatton-garden. John Earl, esq; of Wimpole-street, to Miss Susanah Hutton, of Charles-street. At Aberavenny, Tho. Hay-

ward,

ward, esq; of St. James's-street, to Miss Harrington, eldest daughter of James Harrington, esq. Peter Auriol Drummond, esq; second son to his grace the archbishop of York, to Miss Milnes, of Wakefield, an accomplished young lady, with 20,000*l.* fortune.

DEATHS.

The Hon. Mrs. Osborn, only daughter of Admiral Lord Vife. Torrington, and grandmother to Sir George Osborn. At her seat near Exeter, Lady Chichester. Adam Hay, esq; member for Peebleshire in Scotland. Admiral Sir Charles Saunders, Knt. of the Bath, member for Heydon in Yorkshire, admiral of the blue squadron, and lieutenant-general of the marines. At Bath, Roger Hope Elletson, esq; late lieutenant-governor of Jamaica. The Earl of Cassilis, one of the sixteen peers of Scotland. Lady Dowager Chedworth. Lieut. Gen. Cadwallader Lord Blany, colonel of the 38th reg. of foot. John Smith, esq; member for Bath. At his house in Golden-square, the celebrated Sir John Hill, Knight of the Swedish order of Vasa, and one of the most distinguished botanists of the age. Aged 94, Lady Elizabeth Vanaxe Sambrook, relict of Sir Samuel Vanaxe Sambrook, Bart. mother of the late Sir Jeremy, and eldest daughter to Sir Nathan Wright, Lord Keeper of the great Seal in the reigns of King William and Queen Anne, Cornelius Keyley, esq; belonging to the alienation office. James Irving, esq; of Ironshore, in Jamaica. Rev. Mr. Sanderfon, vicar of Stevington, in Bedfordshire. In the Borough, Dr. Farrer, physician. Mrs. Horne, mother to Lady Dyke. Mr. Budden, attorney, near Lymington. John Fisher, esq; an Alderman of Yarmouth. Edward King, esq; in his 93d year, who served the office of Sheriff of Norwich in 1729, and that of Mayor in 1741. At Bristol, Mr. George Bush, linen-draper. Mrs. Chamberlayne, mother of Edward Pye Chamberlayn, esq; of Gloucester. Mr. Rea, attorney of Gloucester. Mr. John Palmer, sen. a common-councilman of Hereford. At Haverfordwest, Mrs. Picton, a widow lady, aged 86. Capt. Hay, of the 3d regiment of foot-guards. Rev. Mr. Charles Hutton, rector of Nymet St. George, Devon. Mr. Geo. Hammond, Landwaiter, of Southampton. Capt. Charles Chandler, of the marines, of the wounds he received at Boston. Mr. Hope, an alderman of Marlborough. Mr. Francis Randall, late merchant of Bristol. At Bewdley in Worcestershire, Hastings Fawkesbury, Esq. In Henrietta-street, Mr. Wm. Hinchliffe, mercer. Mrs. Peachey, sister to Sir James Peachey. Henry Forrester, esq; first general accountant of excise. Of an apoplectic fit, John Marsh, esq; partner with Mess. Leathy, silk-mercers, in Salisbury. Rev. Samuel Speed, rector of Martyr Worthy and Eling, Hants. At Winchester, Mrs. Mayo, aged upwards of 80, widow of the late Rev. Mr. Mayo. Christopher

Nugent, M. D. and fellow of the Royal Society. John Rule, esq; in the commission of the peace for Middlesex. Aged 35, James Cooke, esq; great uncle to Lord Viscount Grimston. At Bristol, Mrs. Betty Lloyd, sister to Hartford Lloyd, esq. Rev. Wm. Whitcombe, clerk. B. A. rector of Eastham, Worcestershire. Rev. Josiah Pomret, B. L. rector of Snave, in Romney-marsh, &c. At Durham, Rev. Mr. Dennis, a minor canon of that cathedral. At Bristol, Mrs. Berry, wife of Mr. George Berry, and sister to Lacon Lambe, Esq; of Hereford. At Ansley-hall, near Coventry, John Ludford, Esq. Robert Hesketh, esq; ensign in the 14th reg. of foot, and nephew to Sir Robert Hesketh, Bart. of the wounds he received at the battle of Bunker's hill, near Boston. Rev. John Holme, B. D. rector of Bradburton and Bramston, in Yorkshire. At Hasted in Essex, Mr. Meadows, attorney. Rev. Mr. Radley, rector of Bishop Wearmouth. Mrs. Osborne, relict of the Rev. Mr. Osborne, of Witleham in Suffolk, whom she survived but 15 days. Henry Applewhaite, esq; of Huntingfield in Suffolk. At Vienne in France, on his return to England, the Rev. James Wood, M. A. Fellow of Braze Nose college, Oxford. At Oxford, aged 74, Mrs. Napleton, relict of the Rev. Mr. Napleton. At Speenhamland, Mr. Meriman, sen. At Devizes, Mr. Edward Adlam, mayor of that borough. At Bromham, Wilts, aged 82, the celebrated Dr. Henry Scalon, an almanack-maker for upwards of 40 years. John Duke, esq; one of his Majesty's Justices for Devonshire, and twice member for Heniton. Mr. Thomas Warr Atwood, a common-council-man of Bath, whose death was occasioned by a nail entering his brain, by the falling in of the floor of an old house. Mr. Bayley, formerly an eminent clothier of Wotton-Underedge. Of an apoplectic fit, Mr. Thomas Vincent, grocer, of Calne. At Newent in Gloucestershire, Mr. Thomas Bower, one of the senior members of that corporation, and about a fortnight before died his wife.

ECCLESIASTICAL PREFERMENTS.

Rev. Richard Long, B. A. to the vicarage of Brindley, Wilts. Rev. Tho. Diggs, clerk, B. A. to the vicarage of Bramsley, Wilts. Rev. Daniel Price, clerk, M. A. to hold the vicarage of Bosbury, with the rectory of Weston-under-Penyard, in Hereford. Rev. David Webber, to the rectory of Combehorsey in Somerset. Rev. Dr. Ogle, dean of Winchester, to the rectory of Compton near Winchester. Rev. Mr. Hardy, rector of Holsted, to the cure rectory, and vicarage of Sevenoaks. Rev. Mr. Parsons, of Wye, to the living of Snave, in Kent. Rev. Edward Boucher, M. A. to hold the vicarage of All-Saints, with the rectory of Bramfield, Herts. Rev. Wm. James, M. A. to hold the vicarage of Almondsbury, with the vicarage of Wotton under-Edge, Gloucestershire. Rev. Thomas Kilner,

Kilner, to the vicarage of Bapton, otherwise Bampton, in Westmoreland. Rev. Robert Wells, D. D. to the rectory of Sprinthorpe in Lincolnshire. Rev. John Brock, to the vicarage of Great Stukely in Huntingdonshire. Rev. Wm. Stevens, B. D. to the united rectories of Snoring and Thursford in Norfolk. Rev. Mr. Wallace, to the vicarage of South Shields. Rev. Henry Bright, master of New-college school, Oxford, to Denchworth living, Perks. Rev. Richard Lloyd, of the Hay, to the living of Catfobbb. Rev. Henry Greene, to the rectory of Laindon, with the chapelry of Biddon, and rectory of Little Burstead, in Essex. Rev. Wm. Layton, to the rectory of St. Matthew in Ipswich. Rev. Tho. Barnard, to the vicarage of South Petherwin and Trewin, Cornwall. Rev. Charles Barter, A. B. to the vicarage of Cornworthy. Rev. Samuel Cooke, A. B. to the vicarage of Fremington, Devon. Rev. Thomas Penwarne, A. B. to the rectory of Jacobstowe, Cornwall. Rev. Sam. Mallock, A. B. to the rectory of Trusham, Devon. Rev. Wm. Kinleside, M. A. to hold the rectory of Augmering, with the rectory of Clapham, Suffex. Rev. David Jones, to the rectory of Glandeftry, in Radnorshire. Rev. Mr. Sawbridge, chaplain to the Lord Mayor. Rev. Mr. Mofs, to the rectory of Haversham, Bucks. Rev. Ambrose Uvedale, to the rectories of Berking & Combs, with the perpetual cure of Badey, in Suffolk. James Prachet, clerk, to the rectory of Holgate, in Shropshire. Rev. George Bejver, B. D. to hold the rectory of Trent, Somerset, with the rectory of West-Stafford, Dorset.

CIVIL and MILITARY PROMOTIONS.

The custody of the privy seal to the Right Hon. William Earl of Dartmouth. The Rt. Hon. Lord Viscount Weymouth, to be one of his majesty's principal secretaries of state. The Right Hon. Lord George Sackville Germaine, to be one of his majesty's principal secretaries of state. The dignity of a baronet of Great-Britain, unto Alexander Leith, of Burgh St. Peter, in Norfolk; and to Henry Etherington, of Kingston upon Hull, Esqrs. Lord Pelham, to be keeper of the great wardrobe, in the room of the Earl of Ashburnham promoted. Lord Lyttelton, to be chief justice in eyre of his majesty's forests north of Trent, in the room of Lord Pelham. Geo. Payne, Esq; to be keeper of his majesty's lions in the Tower of London, in the room of Henry Vaughan, Esq; deceased. George Colman, Esq; to be Sergeant at Arms in ordinary to his Majesty. John St. John, esq; to be surveyor-general of all his Majesty's honors, castles, lordships, manors, &c. in England and Wales. George Hall, esq; to be comptroller of the duties upon salt. Major Ainslie, to be Lieutenant Colonel in the second troop of horse-grenadier guards, in the room of Wm. Egerton, esq. Col. Rainsford, aid-de-camp to the King, to be Governor of Chester castle.

From the London Gazette, Dec. 2.

AVERAGE PRICES of CORN,

From Nov. 13 to Nov. 18, 1775.

By the Standard Winchester Bushel of 8 Gall.

	Wheat.	Rye.	Barley.	Oats.	Beans.
	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.
London	4 4	3 3	3 3	2 0	3 1
COUNTIES INLAND.					
Middlesex	4 5	3 1	2 1	3 6	
Surry	4 5	3 5	2 3	4 2	
Hertford	4 4	3 2	2 0	3 7	
Bedford	4 6	3 6	3 0	2 1	3 2
Cambridge	4 2	2 11	3 2	1 10	2 9
Huntingdon	4 1	3 0	1 9	3 1	
Northampton	4 10	3 3	2 11	2 0	3 2
Rutland	4 10	3 2	1 10	3 4	
Leicester	5 1	4 6	3 0	1 10	3 5
Nottingham	4 7	3 4	3 2	1 10	3 5
Derby	4 10	3 2	1 11	3 7	
Stafford	5 0	3 10	3 0	1 10	3 8
Salop	5 0	4 0	2 9	1 6	3 5
Hereford	4 7	3 3	2 8	1 7	3 2
Worcester	4 9	3 3	3 2	2 1	3 7
Warwick	4 9	3 3	3 2	2 2	4 3
Glocester	5 0	3 0	2 0	3 8	
Wiltshire	4 5	2 11	2 1	4 2	
Berks	4 5	3 1	2 3	3 3	
Oxford	4 9	3 0	2 6	3 9	
Bucks	4 6	3 1	1 11	3 1	

COUNTIES upon the COAST.

Essex	4 4	3 5	3 3	2 4	3 4
Suffolk	4 6	3 0	3 1	2 1	2 10
Norfolk	4 9	3 2	2 11	1 11	3 0
Lincoln	4 5	3 7	2 10	1 8	3 5
York	4 10	3 7	3 3	1 10	3 8
Durham	4 6	3 6	3 3	1 9	3 9
Northumb.	4 6	3 4	2 9	1 9	3 7
Cumberland	4 3	3 8	2 10	1 7	3 6
Westmorel.	5 11			1 9	3 1
Lancashire	5 6		3 3	2 0	3 7
Cheshire	5 4	4 0	3 4	1 8	
Monmouth	4 10		2 7	1 6	
Somerset	5 3	3 0	3 3	1 11	3 1
Devon	5 4		2 11	1 6	
Cornwall	5 1		2 9	1 6	
Dorset	5 2		3 1	2 0	3 10
Hampshire	4 6		3 1	2 3	3 9
Suffex	4 5		3 2	2 3	3 1
Kent	4 9		3 3	2 1	3 0

From Nov. 6, to Nov. 11, 1775.

W A L E S.

North Wales	5 4	4 5	3 0	1 6	3 7
South Wales	5 2	4 2	2 11	1 5	3 0

Part of SCOTLAND.

Wheat.	Rye.	Barley.	Oats.	Beans.	Big.
3 11	—	2 6	1 9	2 7	2 1

Published by Authority of Parliament,
W. COOKE.

PRICE of STOCKS, Dec. 9.

Bank stock, 143½. 4 per cent. con. 91½ a ½. 3½ per cent. 1758, 90½. 3 per cent. con. 98½. 3 per cent. red. 88½ a ½. 3 per cent. 1726. —. India stock, 165 a 164. India Bonds, 69s. prem. South Sea stock, —. Ditto old ann. 37½. New ann. 788½ a ½. Ditto 1751, —. Long Ann. 26½ a ½. Navy bills, ½ per cent. disc. Tickets 141. 9s.

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TO THE LETTERS, ESSAYS, POETRY, AND OTHER MISCELLANEOUS ARTICLES.

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